THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1890.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE Kilkenny contest came to an end on Monday, when SIR JOHN POPE HENNESSY was returned by the remarkable majority of 1,162, the figures being, HENNESSY, 2,527, and SCULLY, 1,365. This result is a crushing defeat not only for MR. PARNELL, but for those English partisans who have been backing him up in his attempt to destroy the Home Rule party in Ireland. The English Parnellites now consist of Tories and Liberal Unionists of the baser sort. They seem to have the support of almost the entire Unionist press, and they have espoused the cause of the ex-Irish leader with a cynical indifference to common morality which comes with a fine grace from the men who are always denouncing the immoral conduct of Mr. GLADSTONE and his supporters. For these men MR. SCULLY'S overwhelming defeat in Kilkenny is a crushing blow. Their attempts to explain away the figures which show that MR. PARNELL'S undisputed supremacy has been converted into a wavering hold on barely a fourth of the entire constituency, need not be too seriously investigated. They hoped that by maintaining MR. PARNELL as leader of the Irish party they would finally destroy the Home Rule cause in England. Their disappointment is naturally severe.

MR. PARNELL left Kilkenny immediately after the result of the election was known. He left it vowing that he would continue the fight in every constituency in Ireland, and affirming that he saw nothing to cause depression in the overwhelming defeat which he had just sustained. As before, he professed to believe that he was the victim of a conspiracy, and he denounced MR. DAVITT as the leading personage in it. His speeches after the election were less hysterical than those delivered whilst it was still in progress, some of which gave plain evidence that his mind had, temporarily, at all events, lost its balance. "There goes the hearse of POPE HENNESSY!" was his cry when a funeral passed the platform from which he was speaking on Saturday; and his attack upon MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY, who has never uttered an unkind word of his old leader, can only be described as a piece of brutal mendacity. Perhaps the best proof of the overthrow of his reason is, however, to be found in the obstinate refusal to believe that he is himself the cause of his own fall. None but a monomaniac could talk as MR. PARNELL has done in these latter days, as though all the world were in a conspiracy against him, the one unselfish champion of the race he is at the same time striving to betray.

THE usual Christmas lull has been broken by only one notable speech, that of MR. BRYCE, who addressed his constituents at Aberdeen on Monday. He strongly urged upon Liberals the duty of supporting any measure for establishing local government in Ireland which might be brought forward by the present Government, provided that such measure were not in itself a sham. Every step in the direction of self-government which might be given to Ireland would only serve to bring more clearly into light the impossibility of maintaining Coercion as a system. As for the present policy of the Liberal party, it was clearly to remain faithful to Home Rule. All this is pleasant reading to those Liberals who have been somewhat bewildered by the floundering feebleness of too many of those who have affected to speak on their behalf, both in the press and on public platforms. That the system administered by MR. BALFOUR in Ireland, which every real Liberal believed to be hideously wrong a few weeks ago, can now be right, merely because a selfish and unscrupulous man has turned traitor to Ireland, cannot really be true. Yet if this is not the case, what has happened to shake Liberal confidence in the righteousness and pressing necessity of Home Rule?

THE clubs, like the Unionist newspapers, have been in a subdued frame of mind during this past week. One does not hear so much now-a-days of "monuments to MRS. O'SHEA," "medals for MR. PARNELL," and the like. The enemies of Ireland and MR. GLADSTONE—perhaps we ought to have reversed the order of the names—are beginning to see that after all the Parnell business may not turn out quite so much to their advantage as they had believed. Still they build much on the result of recent events. They hope that the Kilkenny election will be an object-lesson teaching Englishmen that Irishmen are unfit to govern themselves—as though there had never been a hotly-contested election in an English borough—and they try to raise the scare of a "Nonconformist dictatorship"—as though the Liberal party in Great Britain were not strong enough to resist any dictatorship whether Nonconformist or Church, Whig or Socialist. The date of the General Election is still wrapped in impenetrable mystery, but there are many who fix it for next Easter, and perhaps a still larger number who feel certain that it will take place in the autumn of the coming year. That it may come still earlier than either of these dates is a notion which occurs to few, and yet it is not one to be absolutely rejected.

PROFESSOR DICEY seems to have repented quickly of the fairness and decency by which he did credit to himself a week ago. In a letter in the *Times* of Tuesday he showed that he had become a convert to the latest and worst controversial methods of MR. PARNELL, and had discovered that mere abuse and mis-statement are likely to serve his cause better than argument or simple truth. Of course, the *Times* prints his long tirade of stale calumnies in big type, and it is possible that among the readers of that journal there are some who really believe that the Liberal Party, from MR. GLADSTONE downwards, has a real sympathy with crime, and that MR. GLADSTONE in particular only uses the phrase "exclusive dealing" as a convenient juggle of words to hide the truth about boycotting since he himself has become a convert to Home Rule. Sensible people would have been better pleased if MR. DICEY had supported his furious assertions and malignant slanders by a few ounces of fact. This is not the way, however, with professors of the DICEYAN and HUXLEYAN type. It is sufficient for them that they have spoken. MR. GLADSTONE is the wilful accomplice of murderers; GENERAL BOOTH is an impostor. MESSRS. DICEY and HUXLEY have decreed these things, and who shall say them nay?

LET us pour a very small quantity of cold water upon the heated head of PROFESSOR DICEY. If all that he says is true, then the whole Liberal party of this

country are guilty of a wilful complicity with criminals of a very bad type, and have, for years past, been engaged in encouraging crimes of the worst description. This is the charge which MR. DICEY plainly formulates against *all* who agree with MR. GLADSTONE in thinking that the Irish are not less worthy of being allowed to manage their own affairs than are the Italians or the Greeks, for example. But has MR. DICEY, who professes to hold this opinion, carried it into effect in the only way in which an honest man can do, if he really believes in the truth of such charges against his fellow-creatures? Has he cut himself off from all association with the evil thing? Has he written above his door "No admission for Gladstonian criminals"? Has he withdrawn from every club and society in which he is exposed to the risk of meeting those whom he pretends to regard as the deliberate accomplices of criminals? Of course he has done nothing of the sort. But, equally as a matter of course, an honourable man would take this step if he really believed that his old political associates were what he now calls them.

WE have another drop of cold water wherewith to cool PROFESSOR DICEY'S fevered blood. He talks about Liberal encouragement of crime, especially of murder. Well, will he tell us how many political crimes, and especially how many political murders, have been committed in Ireland since the Liberal party came to the support of the Irish Constitutionalists in their attempt to win Home Rule by Constitutional methods? We need hardly say that the "encouragement" given to political crime and political criminals by MR. GLADSTONE and his followers, has been of such a curious character, that the crime has almost ceased, and the criminals have almost disappeared. It is really a pity when a clever and, on the whole, well-informed man, makes himself ridiculous by talking nonsense as PROFESSOR DICEY does; and the matter becomes worse when the nonsense is—as happens to be the case in this instance—distinctly malicious and even slanderous in its character.

THE defects in the American Copyright Bill have been under discussion this week. It certainly is no ideal Bill, and whilst it will be of advantage to many English authors, it will, at the same time, inflict serious injury on English printers. But Englishmen will accept it on the principle that half a loaf is better than none. It is an instalment of justice, and will, we trust, pave the way for the full recognition both of copyright and of freedom of manufactures. We regret to see that a proposal has been made that England should retaliate by refusing copyright to any works not actually "manufactured"—that is, set up in type and printed—in this country. Such a proposal is not only objectionable in principle but certain to aggravate rather than neutralise the evil of which we complain in the American Bill.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY continues his crusade against GENERAL BOOTH, and displays his omniscience in a manner that hardly tends to increase the confidence of his admirers in his infallibility. With much parade of circumstance, he has quoted a passage from a book professedly written by an old follower of the Salvation Army in which there is a bitter attack upon "the GENERAL"; and he has, unfortunately for himself, ignored the fact that this passage was disowned as a forgery by the supposed author of the book. In the same spirit one of PROFESSOR HUXLEY'S followers has committed himself to the astounding assertion that GENERAL BOOTH renders no account of the manner in which he expends the money entrusted to him. We should have thought that everybody had read the letter in which a leading firm of accountants declared that every item of GENERAL BOOTH'S expenditure was carefully examined and audited.

THE weather of last Monday—in London, at all events—was of such a character as to demand notice among the public events of the week. No one who has not seen our great city when suffering from the combined effects of black fog and bitter cold can realise what life was to millions of persons in the metropolitan area. In other parts of the country, though the ground was frost-bound, the sun shone, and life was possible. In London existence was an actual misery. It was pitiable to see the shivering, gasping crowds in the streets and the public vehicles, bravely facing what was nothing less than an ordeal of torture. We cannot control the weather. Bitter cold, such as that of a few days ago, must be endured when it comes like any other calamity beyond the control of man. But the black fog of London is caused by the work of man, and by man's work can be prevented. Last Monday's combined fog and frost must have destroyed more lives than have been lost on many a battle-field. What it cost in money can never be calculated. And most of the physical suffering, and not a little of the pecuniary loss, might have been prevented. How much longer are we to remain supinely indifferent to an evil so great?

THE value of money has declined further this week. Indeed, the Treasury Bills were taken on Monday at a small fraction over 3½ per cent., and the tendency seems downward. It is argued that the foreign demand for gold has ceased, that the metal is still going into the Bank of England, that for the next two or three months coin will return from the circulation, and that therefore loanable capital must, for a considerable time, remain abundant and cheap. Under these circumstances it is probable that a large amount of gold will be withdrawn for Paris in preparation for the funding loan, and that the drain to Berlin and New York will begin again. For the state of affairs both in America and in Germany continues critical. Silver has fallen this week to 47½d. per ounce. It was run up last week in the hope of a new Silver Bill being passed by the American Congress. Now it is feared that such a measure cannot be carried. The present Congress comes to an end at mid-day on the 4th of March. Before then the Appropriation Act has to be passed, and there are many other measures to carry through, while the Silver Party is not agreed as to what it wants. With silver, silver securities have declined, and the probability appears to be that there will be a sharp fall soon, if there is no fresh legislation in the United States.

THE Stock Markets have been exceedingly inactive this week. The approach of Christmas and the end of the year have added to all the other influences that are checking business. Besides, the danger of another revolution in the Argentine Republic is becoming very grave. PRESIDENT PILLIGRINI, in an interview with a newspaper reporter, admitted a month ago that he feared much a social revolution; adding that the working classes are in such misery, that they are likely to become troublesome. At the same time, the financial crisis is growing worse and worse. It seems inevitable now that the provinces must default, and there is much apprehension that the National Government itself will have to do so likewise, since it has neither accepted the proposals of the English committee, nor made counter-proposals on its own behalf. There seems little probability, therefore, that it will be able to raise the money necessary to pay the January interest, and there is little time for any compromise. The Scotch railway strike has depressed the market for home railway stocks, and the fall in silver is another adverse influence. The Paris Bourse is still strong, though for the moment not very active, but the approaching settlement on the Berlin Bourse is looked forward to with some apprehension.

THE TRAITOR'S FALL.

SIR JOHN POPE HENNESSY'S majority of 1,162 votes on Monday was not merely "enough." It has sufficed to give new heart to the real friends of Ireland throughout the world, and it has struck a very heavy blow at the enemies of the cause of which Mr. Parnell was once the leader. It is useless now to disguise the fact that, if Mr. Scully had been victorious in the Kilkenny election, the prospect of any real settlement of the Irish Question would have vanished for a score of years to come.

That such an issue to the fight was possible could scarcely be denied. Mr. Parnell, traitor as he was, still commanded so large a body of faithful followers, and had so many resources at his command, that it seemed well-nigh impossible that he could be beaten by those whose loyalty was given, not to a man, but to a principle. The reports, too, which appeared in most of the London newspapers, were so skilfully coloured that it was difficult for persons at a distance to realise the full strength of the Nationalist Party, or the heroic courage with which it was withstanding the powerful leader who was seeking to betray it. For these and other reasons the good news which was spread abroad on Tuesday last came as a most welcome relief to a very painful period of suspense.

One thing, at least, is established beyond cavil by the result of the Kilkenny election. We know now that there *is* in Ireland a large and powerful body of men who, so far from being Mr. Parnell's "items," are prepared to sacrifice every personal consideration in order to keep their country true to constitutional agitation and to that alliance with the Liberal party in which alone any real hope for the success of Home Rule is to be found. All the jeers and sneers of that section of the London Press which represents that worst kind of provincialism that characterises the genuine cockney, fall harmlessly in face of the establishment of this great fact. The enemies of Ireland and of English Liberalism have been beside themselves with joy during the past three weeks, besotted with the belief that what they could not do for themselves was about to be done for them by a man whom they hated persistently, and abused without stint, until he turned traitor to the cause of which he was so long the chief. Their manner of exhibiting their joy has not been particularly decent, though it has been particularly foolish. Like overgrown schoolboys, they shrieked with delight over the hard struggle in Kilkenny, as though they were looking on at a sham fight got up for their special amusement, and not at the most critical moment in a nation's history. It is amusing to see how their simulated joy has disappeared now that they have seen the champion on whom—to use the refined phrase of Lord Salisbury—they "put their money," signally worsted in the fight. One might almost pity these abject creatures when thinking of the sudden blow which last Tuesday not only destroyed their hopes, but placed the whole of them in so ridiculous a position.

English Liberals may now with a good countenance present Mr. Parnell to his new patrons. Let them make the best of him whilst he is still sufficiently master of himself to be capable of speeches like those which fell from his lips during the later days of the Kilkenny contest. He has done his worst for the country for which in the past he did so much, and henceforth he is entirely at the service of the enemies of the Irish race, who were in such a hurry to adopt him as their favourite when they believed that he was about to win. It is not with Mr. Parnell, disavowed by the Parliamentary party of which he was formerly the leader, repudiated by all that is best in Ireland, and now decisively defeated in a constituency in which at the last election he reigned supreme, that the English Liberals have for the future to deal. Their business is to stand by the side of those Irishmen who, in this great crisis, have shown their fidelity to Ireland in the first place, and secondly, to their honourable engagements to their allies in this country. They have done a great deed; and now it is for English and Scotch Liberals to prove to them that they have not done amiss.

It must be borne in mind that the men who have broken with Mr. Parnell, and who, alike in word and act, have shown themselves so faithful to their alliance with us, have been moved, in the first instance, by their belief that in taking this course they were doing what was best for Ireland and best for Home Rule. They are no servile tools and henchmen of the English Liberals. They are not under the dictatorship even of Mr. Gladstone. Only Mr. Parnell in one of his mad outbursts of splenetic fury, or the Tory press of England with its usual fatuousness, has ever suggested such a thing; and nobody has believed it. The Irish Nationalists are Irishmen first and Liberals afterwards; and no English Liberal can quarrel with them because it is so.

Our business is to let them see that we appreciate their position, and are resolved to stand faithfully by those who have stood faithfully by us. The half-hearted politicians who have gone about amongst us during the past month, some secretly whispering, and others openly declaring that "Home Rule must be given up," must cease their croakings now. If Irishmen themselves had given up Home Rule by allowing Mr. Parnell to drag them into the vortex of folly towards which his own madness is driving him, matters would have been different.

But this has not happened in Kilkenny, and we trust and believe will not happen elsewhere. The majority of the Irish Party, both in and out of Parliament, have seen their true duty and have followed it straight. It is for the English Liberals to show an equal fidelity to the principles they have professed, and to press more strenuously than ever towards that victory which had been so nearly attained when Mr. Parnell's colossal act of treason threw the whole army into confusion. The voice of calumny, it need hardly be said, is now being raised with new force, and with even a greater disregard for truth than heretofore. It is no longer the policy of the Coercionist party to direct their fire of slanderous accusation and innuendo against Mr. Parnell; so they naturally divert it to those who are now Mr. Parnell's chief opponents. The stale falsehoods which did duty in "Parnellism and Crime" are dragged forth once more to do duty against those who are carrying on the work which their ex-leader has abandoned. English and Scotch Liberals will hardly be moved by the calumnies of men whose testimony has already been discredited before the world. They will remember that nothing which has happened in the past month has in any degree affected the truth and the force of the principles to which they have clung, and for which they have contended so strenuously for five years past; they will see rather that the fiery ordeal through which Ireland is now passing is purging the dross from a sacred cause, and they will devote themselves with renewed determination and enthusiasm to that work of justice in which Mr. Gladstone is now the accepted leader of Ireland as well as of Great Britain.

THE COMING STORM IN RUSSIA.

FOR the last few months we have heard rather less than usual about the dangers which beset the Russian Government, and much more about its misdeeds. For some years circumstances have favoured it. In the midst of the general financial depression, Russian stocks have seldom been much higher, nor has Russian credit been so good. Favoured by the abundant harvests of 1887 and 1888, the Budget has come to show a surplus. This autumn the paper rouble rose in value so suddenly as seriously to disturb foreign trade. The Nihilistic spectre seems to be temporarily laid. The prosecution of Anarchists in Paris last summer, just as their arrangements for another *coup* appeared to be complete—whether their enterprise had originally been instigated by police spies or not—and the increasing stringency of the Swiss authorities, have dealt a severe blow to the plans of the Revolutionists. The Government, partly to guard against possible danger in the future, and partly, it would seem, for the mere pleasure of carrying out the theories of a pedantic bureaucracy, is making determined efforts to realise its own notions of national unity. Not only has it recommenced without provocation the persecution of the Jews—a persecution which is likely to produce their emigration on a larger scale than ever—but it is busy in suppressing the autonomy of Finland, and in crushing out the religious and political liberties of the Baltic provinces. In both, the native language has for some time been officially proscribed. The German University of Dorpat—not the least distinguished of German Universities—has been practically suppressed, and its Lutheran theological faculty transferred to St. Petersburg, that it may be directly under Russian control. The Lutheran pastors have been more closely subordinated to the Government, and every effort short of actual violence is being made to extinguish Protestantism. In Russia, as in ancient Greece, conformity to the State religion is held to be bound up with membership of the State; and not content with its attacks on the German Lutherans, the Government is now turning its attention to the Stundists—the native Protestants, akin to, and perhaps connected with, the German Baptists, who are believed to number several millions in Southern Russia. The late Count Tolstoi's scheme of administrative "reform," now applied provisionally in six provinces, and soon to be further extended, abolishes trial by jury for nearly all offences, and substitutes district judges—who must be nobles—for the former local magistrates. Moreover, such local self-government as Russia formerly possessed is now almost wholly controlled by these same magistrates, who have the control of the village tribunals, the final selection of the members of the local assemblies, the right of supervision of the measures proposed, and very extensive powers of veto. Moreover, the Government—anticipating the German Emperor's fear of a proletariat of passmen—has for years been limiting the facilities for higher education, and doing its best to restrict it to nobles alone.

Meanwhile the Western public has been literally deluged with accounts of Russian iniquity. Mr. Kennan's articles on Siberian prisons have aroused a feeling in England and America such as has hardly been equalled since the time of Kossuth. Even Mr. Swinburne has been recalled, by the horrors of Russian prison life, from the paths of reaction to his earlier sympathies, and has written an ode not obscurely suggesting tyrannicide. The sufferings of the Jews have again evoked a protest from the City of London, and the "Society of Friends of Russian Freedom"—which ought to be much better known than it apparently is—has undertaken to keep the English-speaking public informed month by month of the misdeeds of the Russian Government. The writers in the *Fortnightly Review* who merge their personality in that of "Mr. E. B. Lanin," have drawn a picture of Russian society—high and low alike—which for its corruption and unspeakable depravity could hardly be matched in the worst days of the Roman Empire. No doubt "Mr. Lanin" deals only with the seamy side; but he has ample documentary evidence, and competent judges seem to think that his statements are not, on the whole, much exaggerated. Religion, in the sense in which the word is understood in Western Europe, has not, in modern times, been much of a force in Eastern Europe, except among those very Russian sectaries whom their Government is now doing its best to suppress; and, as Nihilist writers have triumphantly told us, the creed of the educated classes in Russia went down at the first onslaught from without. They were left, first Materialists, then either Pessimists or complete Sceptics, in ethics as in theology. This, together with the absence of any political interest, seems to have produced its natural effect on conduct.

But from what quarter is improvement to proceed? Certainly not from the cultivated classes. The Nihilist conspirators are often more than heroic, but their constructive schemes seem hopeless. The sectaries comprise a good many varieties of creed—from religionists with orgies that recall those of Cybele, to the Molokane and Stundists, some of whom seem to be the salt of the earth in religious matters. From the days when thousands of believers endured torture and death rather than revise the spelling of the name of the founder of Christianity, they have shown a stubborn persistence seldom equalled, but their principles limit them to passive resistance. The proportion of the town population in Russia to the rest is infinitesimal, and the half-dozen large towns where a rising might be possible are, in the words of Stepniak, "permanent camps." We can only look to the peasantry. Now, at first sight, no class seems more hopeless. Brutish, drunken, immoral, and uniformly ignorant, according to some of their critics—good-natured much-enduring, and honest, but too simple and too ignorant to be worked upon by agitators, according to others—the Nihilist propaganda seems hardly to have affected them at all; and according to recent official statistics, hardly more than 12 per cent. of the population can read and write. Yet the Mir has given them a certain amount of experience in self-government, and their sufferings may easily pass their endurance. Emancipation seems to have promoted their personal freedom at the expense of their means of subsistence; their land—according to Stepniak—is hardly enough to maintain them, cultivated as it is by the primitive methods inseparable from the village community, and they are driven to eke out their subsistence by wage-paid labour under the most oppressive conditions, and by borrowing at ruinous interest on the security of their own personal toil. Their taxes take up half their income, and are frequently so heavily in arrear that no amount of flogging can extract all that is due.

In the south-west they are suffering seriously from the competition of that German immigration which has added over 100,000 persons to the population, and the rights of common which are essential to the existence of the village community are said to be interfered with by the immigrants, whose more modern methods of cultivation ensure their success in the struggle. The opening up of a country, too, in some degree makes things harder for an

ignorant rural population. Their staple means of subsistence become dearer, and the benefit of the increased market for produce goes rather to the middleman than to the producer. The horrors of factory life far surpass anything disclosed to the Sweating Commission. The taxpaying capacity of the peasants—it is admitted by the present Minister of Finance—depends on a good harvest; and tillage in Russia being what it is, a good harvest depends solely on Nature. Now the new administrative schemes seem at last to have excited resistance among this class, and their extension has consequently been deferred. In numerous cases the new officials have been maltreated and almost killed. In the provinces of Ekaterinoslav and Kharkov there has been something like a peasant revolt, and there seems reason to believe that a good deal of disorder has occurred elsewhere. Moreover, the leaders in some of these attempts are said to have been Jews. Now, a peasant revolt, organised by Jews, and supplemented as it would be by fresh Nihilist conspiracies, would be very difficult to suppress, and, it is needless to say, would lead to horrors beside which those of the French Revolution might be as nothing. The boasted homogeneity of the Empire would then be its greatest danger. At this Christmas season—physically, materially, and politically one of the gloomiest within living memory—the thought of what may happen next year in Russia does not tend to brighten the prospect.

A TORY DEVICE IN SCOTLAND.

TORYISM in Scotland has raised a new war-cry. It has in its day adopted many *aliases* suggested by the varying aspects of party struggles, as they affected or seemed to affect wanderers from the Liberal fold. For nearly a generation past, it has made it part of its business to become all things to all kinds of Liberal dissentients or stragglers, if by any means it might gain some. One of the earliest and most daring experiments of the kind was attempted during the passing of the Franchise Bill of 1867, when a development of Democratic Toryism was made with the present Earl of Derby, then Lord Stanley, as its representative or figure-head. At that time Lord Stanley was believed by many Liberals to be at the parting of the ways; and the shrewd Tory managers in Scotland convinced themselves that if the son of the Tory Premier, with his Liberal leanings, were nominated as a candidate for Edinburgh, he would rally to the Tory standard, not only a large number of working men, but also a considerable section of the Whig party, who had been alarmed by the shifting of the balance of political power from the middle to the industrial classes. After having made a personal investigation of the situation, Lord Stanley prudently withdrew from the enterprise; and the pretty scheme fell to pieces. Since then Scottish Toryism has been sedulously fishing in ecclesiastical waters for accessions of strength. When Mr. Gladstone introduced his Irish Church Bill, it appealed to Protestant prejudice and fears, to awaken distrust of the healing measure, but it signally failed. Again when, in 1874, the Tory party was placed in power with a large majority, the wire-pullers in Scotland set about the political conversion of the Established Church, many of whose ministers had been alarmed by the Liberal party's Disestablishment policy in Ireland, and offered as a bribe for the political support of the Church, the great boon of the abolition of patronage. All students of Scottish ecclesiastical history know that patronage was the rock of offence which split the National Presbyterianism into fragments; and the players of the patronage abolition card assumed that once this original main cause of division was removed, the Nonconformist Presbyterians would have no standing-ground; the Free and the United Presbyterian Churches, then negotiating for union as the representatives of the true and historic Presbyterianism of Scotland, would be "dished." That scheme did not altogether succeed; but it did not altogether fail. It strengthened the anti-union party in the Free Church, which rested its opposition on the Establishment principle, and enabled this minority to prevent an ecclesiastical combination, outside of the State Church yet numerically larger and claiming more fully to represent the "evangelic succession" in Scotland. But while this piece of statecraft arrested the union movement, it stimulated the development of another, distinctly aggressive in its character, viz., the Disestablishment movement; and tempted by the offer of political service on the one hand, assailed on the other by the Nonconformist Churches, which are the backbone of Liberalism in Scotland, even to a greater extent than they are in England, the ministers with considerable numbers of the elders and of the members became confirmed in their natural Toryism.

And now another stage of Tory development has been reached. The Home Rule policy of Mr. Gladstone has alienated, happily not many, but still a number of dissenters, some of whom had become confirmed grumblers, and were looking for an excuse for terminating their hereditary connection with dissent; while others, still loyal to the Churches of their fathers, are, and have long been recognised as, Presbyterian unionists. Thus the Tory reapers, armed with their new sickles, have had presented to them new fields in which to attempt political harvesting. During the past two or three years they have been endeavouring to adapt themselves to the needs of the new situation. First they declared themselves Church defenders, and at their call the ministers of the State Church at once unsheathed their swords, leaping joyfully to the front, like mighty men of valour, in the hope of smiting the Disestablishment Philistines. The discovery, however, was quickly made that the plan of campaign required modification. It was seen that while Church defence might rouse the enthusiasm of the Church party, already pronounced and *siccar* Tories, it would offend and drive away the anti-Home-Rule Dissenters who were pledged Disestablishmentarians. Accordingly, the foundation of a Laymen's League was resorted to, and this Laymen's League is now actively at work. The ministers and Church defence have been unceremoniously laid on the shelf, and the laymen of the different Presbyterian denominations have been summoned to fight for Presbyterian re-union as a preferable policy to that of Disestablishment, which has lately become one of the accepted planks of the Liberal platform in Scotland.

The Duke of Argyll writes as if the object of the Laymen's League were to warn the constituencies to "beware of the temptation to support Mr. Gladstone, in casting Presbyterianism 'to the dogs.'" The Duke will, we imagine, find it extremely difficult to persuade his countrymen that the Member for Midlothian, in tardily accepting the Disestablishment policy which had been earnestly pressed upon him by the most devoted Presbyterians in Scotland, is inspired by an ultra-Anglican desire to have Presbyterianism cast to the dogs. His Grace simply writes himself down a Rip Van Winkle, when at this time of day he assumes that the great mass of his fellow-Presbyterians in Scotland can be persuaded to believe that Disestablishment is being promoted in a spirit of hostility to Presbyterianism. Every intelligent Scotsman,

except the Duke of Argyll, knows that precisely the reverse is the case. The Free Churchmen and the United Presbyterians who, during the past ten or fifteen years, have been earnestly advocating Disestablishment, claim, and with good cause, to be more faithful exponents of the historical Presbyterianism of Scotland than their brethren in the Established Church; and their professed object in seeking the disestablishment of the unjustly privileged section is to prepare the way for a Presbyterian re-union on a national basis, and in fulfilment of the most fondly cherished hopes of loyal Presbyterians. The disestablishing Dissenters are the true Presbyterian unionists; and in his recent speech Mr. Gladstone referred in terms of warmest sympathy to their Church Union aims. The members of the Laymen's League are sham Church Unionists. They have attempted to appropriate one of the popular principles of the Dissenters, very much in the same way as the Tories were said during the franchise agitation to have stolen the clothes of their Whig opponents while they were bathing. Everybody who has studied the ecclesiastical problem in Scotland knows that the only road to Presbyterian re-union lies through Disestablishment. And everybody who knows anything of the utterly irreconcilable views of the Tory Churchmen and the men who represent that dissidence of dissent, who are now working as members of the Laymen's League, knows that if they were not temporarily held together by political misfortune and enmity they would forthwith proceed to excommunicate each other, with all the mysterious authority and ferocity associated with "bell, book, and candle." The Laymen's League is essentially a political device. Its object is to provide for the time being a common meeting-ground for the various sections of Liberal and Nonconformist malcontents in Scotland, with the view of extracting and utilising what political service they have to give. Its aim is to array in a solid phalanx against the Liberal Home Rule party, at next election, all the Church defenders and Dissenting grumblers, with all the anti-Liberalism and anti-Gladstonianism that exist in Scotland. But clever schemes of this kind generally fail, and if the Liberal party and the Disestablishment Dissenters do their duty with any degree of vigour, the Laymen's League ought not to win even a snatch victory. Whether it succeed or fail in its immediate design, it will not long survive. As an ecclesiastico-political combination it has within it no enduring elements. On the contrary, it is an amalgamation of warring elements. It is a veritable rope of sand. Fortunately, the cause of Presbyterian re-union is in other and safer hands, and is destined yet to triumph in the form of a free Church in a free State.

IN THE FRENCH FASHION.

IT is a time-honoured tradition in this country that the French are volatile and irresponsible, and that the British are serious and profound. But now and then—and especially at this genial season—we may stretch a point of international courtesy, and confess that in some respects the two nations are not unlike. In the relish for crime—as part of the picturesque—the Englishman and certain types of the Englishwoman yield little to the Parisian, or more particularly the Parisienne; and in that *gaîté de cœur* which gives to the enjoyment of the most repulsive degradation of humanity the ineffable touch of art for art's sake, it is sometimes hard to say which country bears away the palm. But candour forces us mournfully to admit that on some points the French are still our superiors. We say nothing of the crime which a Parisian jury has brought home to Michel Eyraud and Gabrielle Bompard, except to point out that some critics on this side of the Channel have been too hasty in lowering our national credit. If we chose to go into the list of atrocities for which these shores are famous, we might show excellent cause why Britons should not blush when Gauls parade their horrors. But it is certain details of the recent trial in Paris which make us feel our inferiority. Who can ever hope to see a popular novelist conducting a criminal prosecution in an English court? M. de Beaurepaire, the Procureur-Général, has written romances. The natural bent of his genius might have tempted him to give full play to all the exceptional interests which were imported into this case. The lawyer disdained the theory of hypnotism pleaded on behalf of Gabrielle Bompard, but the novelist must have been fascinated by such a potent vein of possibilities. M. de Beaurepaire obtained a verdict against the criminals, but he may now sit down and write a novel to reverse the process. What would some of our romancers give for such an experience? Why cannot we have Mr. Hall Caine thundering for justice in wig and gown, and a few months later rescuing a hypnotised assassin from the gallows in three volumes? Then in what English trial could a professor of hypnotism hope for a chance of declaiming four mortal hours like the gentleman from Nancy who maintained that Bompard might have made the sack and adjusted the noose under the influence of "suggestion"? Until we can put Mr. Kennedy into the witness-box, and let him mesmerise a judge and jury, we cannot hope to rival this achievement. Nor can it be claimed that the women who frequent our criminal courts conduct themselves with half the *abandon* of the Parisiennes. Not only did intellect, fashion, and diplomacy patronise the last struggles of Eyraud and Bompard with the law; not only did elegant spectators survey the culprits through lorgnettes, as though they were operatic favourites. If this were all, we might say with just pride that English "ladies" in court stared with all their might at the agony of the poor wretch who was hanged two days before Christmas, and that representatives of several arts and some lofty stations joined affably in the show. But in Paris, when the verdict was given, the spectators screamed with polished passion at the condemned pair, and shook refined fists in their faces. Even the most patriotic Englishman must allow that no such spectacle of civilised emotion dignified the trial of Mrs. Pearcey.

There is all the more reason for our discontent when we reflect that the professor from Nancy and his colleague—who wrote a pamphlet, claiming Gabrielle Bompard as a triumph of hypnotism before he had even seen her—will now redouble their researches in this branch of science. Their authority has been scouted, and their good faith impugned. It is now their business to show beyond doubt that hypnotism is a direct agent of crime; and we await with envy and chagrin the next Parisian *cause célèbre*, confident that a Nancy professor will prove, in a six hours' discourse, that some peculiarly atrocious wickedness was committed in a trance. Jurymen who discovered "extenuating circumstances" for Eyraud's confederate may not always remain proof against the arguments and experiments from Nancy, and one fine day it may be laid down that the criminal to whom a murder is "suggested" has no moral responsibility. What hope have we of maintaining such an unequal struggle for judicial

renown? Will our novelists band themselves together for the glory of the British name, and persuade the public that Bulwer Lytton prefigured a scientific fact when he showed his assassin, in "A Strange Story," tempted to a deed of blood by the *scinlæca* shining on the wall, and the voice of his destroyer sounding like the hum on the Underground Railway?

Meanwhile the general reader may prepare himself to believe anything by studying the history of hypnotism as it is most recently set forth. A grave Berlin physician, Dr. Albert Mohl, has written a book, of which there is an excellent translation in the "Contemporary Science Series," setting forth many remarkable experiments made by himself and others. It is apparently certified on high authority that a woman in the hypnotic state, who was told that she had a burn on her neck, produced actual physical signs of the burn by sheer faith in the imaginary injury.

Dr. Mohl suggests that Louise Lateau, who edified the Catholic world some twenty odd years ago by the miraculous appearance of the sacred stigmata on her hands and feet which bled every Friday, had created this strange condition by the process of "auto-suggestion" or self-hypnotism. It was no miracle, but a marvellous instance of the power of mental concentration. Above all, the German professor has repeatedly forced educated people, who had been hypnotised, to do things entirely repugnant to their feelings, even after they had returned to their normal state. One of them actually addressed Dr. Mohl as "Donkey," which epithet he repeated with great, though reluctant, emphasis. This story gives us some hope for our national fame. There must be many citizens who have mentally said "Donkey" to distinguished persons, even when enjoying the exercise of their untrammelled intelligence. If they could only be regularly hypnotised, they might enable us to hold our own against the French in moral irresponsibility.

But there is, fortunately, one point on which we can speak with legitimate pride. By a curious oversight the Parisians have apparently forgotten all about the room in which Eyraud and Bompard slew their victim. There is no popular curiosity about the curtains which were so artfully employed to delude the unhappy man. No speculator has stripped that apartment of relics of the murder in order to exhibit them to a mob of ambassadors and other triflers at a franc a head. In London we are able to boast this business-like zeal for publicity. The perambulator in which Mrs. Hogg's body was wheeled by her murderess from the scene of blood may be seen any day for a shilling. It was sold, it is said, by the bereaved husband to a wax-work show for a sum ample enough, it is said, to bring balm to his wounded spirit. As a perambulator has never before been associated with a murder, the popular interest in the exhibition is enormous. We cannot sufficiently admire the self-denial of the proprietors in charging so small an amount for such a thrilling sight. A perambulator, soaked with real blood, has a prodigious fascination, especially for women, and the moral effect of this simple and silent witness of a most horrible act, forms not the least part of the beneficence of such an enterprise. Physicians have repeatedly asserted that appeals to the morbid curiosity which revels in all the details of crime are active agents in the propagation of homicidal disease. So we need not feel so humbled after all by the superiority of the French fashion in these matters, when we remember that the law permits such a gratification of a degraded craving as will probably water the soil from which these flowers of cruelty and infamy spring.

TRADE AND FINANCE IN 1890.

TRADE has been severely tried during the year just closing. Throughout January and the greater part of February the Bank of England rate of discount was 6 per cent., and merchants and manufacturers, therefore, had to pay dearly for the accommodation they required. The iron and steel industries suffered most severely from this. In 1889 the consumption was exceptionally large, owing to the activity of shipbuilding at home, and the large foreign exports, particularly to South America and Germany. In consequence, a wild speculation in pig-iron warrants sprang up, but when money became scarce and dear the speculators were unable to continue their operations, and a ruinous fall took place. The fall in the first half of the year was about 33 per cent. After midsummer there was a recovery, which continued until the end of October. Since then there has been another decline, though less serious than that earlier in the year. The difficulties of the iron and steel trades were increased by the marked falling-off that has taken place this year in shipbuilding. During the preceding two years so many new ships were constructed that prices rose rapidly; and shipowners this year have, therefore, greatly restricted their orders. The cotton trade also suffered early in the year because the markets of the Far East were glutted, and the price of the raw material was very high. The dearness was partly due to speculation which broke down after a while; Mr. Steenstrand, the greatest of the operators in Liverpool, being obliged to suspend. The price of raw cotton fell rapidly, and as exports to India were stimulated by the rise in the price of silver consequent on the passing of the American Silver Act, the trade generally has improved. Yet the prospect is very uncertain, owing to the fluctuations in silver. Most other prices are lower than they were twelve months ago, with the exception of copper, which has risen very considerably owing to the large consumption of the metal for military purposes on the Continent, and to the extension everywhere of electric lighting, telephone, and telegraph enterprises. Even the copper market, however, has given way during the last two months, especially in the United States. The production there is largely in excess of the consumption, and greatly increased exports to Europe seemed therefore probable. Wheat is higher, too, as the harvests all over the world were deficient. Besides the special influences just referred to, trade generally has been severely tried by the crises in South America, South Africa, and the United States, by the collapse of Messrs. Baring Brothers, itself a consequence of the breakdown in the Argentine Republic and Uruguay, by the American Silver Act which has caused violent fluctuations in the value of silver, disorganised trade in the silver-using countries, by the McKinley Tariff Act, which has restricted exports to the United States, by the introduction of a still more protectionist Tariff Bill in France, and by the labour troubles which have been numerous all over the world. In consequence of all these adverse influences, there is widespread discredit, merchants and manufacturers find it difficult to get accommodation, and, as a special result of the Baring incident, bills upon London are looked upon with distrust everywhere abroad. In spite of all, however, trade has been fairly prosperous during the year, though less so in the closing months than earlier. The volume of business has been very large, and employment has been plentiful. Notwithstanding the fall in iron and steel, and the decrease in ship-building, wages generally have further risen, especially coal-miners have been able to obtain a considerable advance.

The rise was conceded in Scotland, Durham, Northumberland, and Cumberland without a struggle, and even in the Midlands, Yorkshire, and Lancashire, it was obtained after a strike that lasted only five days.

There has been a marked falling-off in the bringing out of loans and the promotion of companies. The business had been entirely overdone, and in the latter months of 1889 the effects upon the borrowing countries had begun to make themselves felt. Especially was this the case in the Argentine Republic, where the depreciation of the paper currency had become very serious. By midsummer of this year the paper dollar had fallen to less than one-third of its nominal value, inflicting grievous hardships upon the working classes, and throwing trade out of gear. A panic occurred, failures became numerous, and discredit general. Then followed political discontent, leading to a revolutionary movement in Buenos Ayres. Although the movement was suppressed, the President had to resign, and a new Government was called into existence. The crisis, however, became more acute day by day. Argentine securities fell ruinously, and Messrs. Baring Brothers, who held immense amounts of those securities, were at length obliged to apply to the Bank of England for assistance. There has also been a sharp crisis in South Africa. Two banks were obliged to suspend, others are known to be in difficulties, a large number of mining and land companies had to be wound up, and measures had to be taken in the case of others to improve the management. In the United States, too, there have been serious difficulties. Ever since the early spring, banks and commercial houses have been failing in considerable numbers, and discredit has been spreading. In the hope of restoring confidence, Congress passed an Act instructing the Treasury to buy every month 4½ million ounces of silver, the object being to increase the currency, and relieve the stringency in the money market. The object, however, has not been attained, the stringency became worse, and the general uneasiness was increased by the new Tariff Act, which raised very considerably the duties on foreign manufactures. During September the rate of interest in New York for days together ranged from 30 to 50 per cent., and at one time was as high as 180 per cent. And there was another period of severe stringency in November, though not as severe as that in September. There has also been considerable stringency at home, the Bank of England rate of discount having been 6 per cent. in January and February, and again in November. The price of silver fluctuated very widely during the year, the lowest being 43⅝d. per ounce, and the highest 54⅝d. per ounce, a difference of 11d.

The year has been peculiarly unfavourable to the Stock Exchange. In the early months the high rates of interest and discount checked business; but when the Silver Bill was introduced into the American Congress, it was generally concluded that the American currency would be inflated, and the European money markets relieved. The belief stimulated speculation, and for about six weeks there was wild buying of securities on both sides of the Atlantic. At the end of May, however, the increasing gravity of the crisis in the River Plate countries alarmed operators, and prices fell heavily for a couple of months. Alarm was increased by the revolutionary movement in Buenos Ayres; but when President Celman resigned, there was a temporary hope that the worst had been passed. Then speculation sprang up again, though on a much smaller scale than in April and May, and lasted for about a month. At the end of that time serious alarm arose. Rumours spread that several of the great houses that had brought out Argentine loans and companies were in difficulties. There were reports even concerning some of the banks, and for a while hardly a house in the City escaped suspicion. The first cause of the scare was the fall in Consols. For months together they were sold upon a scale so unusual that the price, which in May was as high as 98¾, fell gradually to 93⅜. This so evidently pointed to serious discredit that the wildest rumours gained credence. Week after week all departments of the Stock Exchange declined, but the heaviest fall was in Argentine and American railroad securities. In the latter it was not far short of 30 per cent. At last the announcement that Messrs. Baring Brothers had to apply to the Bank of England for assistance, and that the Bank had agreed to do what was necessary on condition that it was guaranteed against loss by other banks. The guarantee was readily given, and after a few days confidence began slowly to revive. Then there followed a wild rush-up of American prices, for a week or ten days, after which another fall occurred in consequence of widespread banking and commercial failures in the United States. A serious crisis, however, was averted by the decision of the clearing house banks in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, to issue clearing house certificates to those banks which were unable to pay cash. But though a crash was thus averted, confidence has not revived, and failures continue to be reported day after day. Meanwhile the state of affairs in Germany has begun to excite apprehension. All the elements of a crisis are there present, but a combination of the banks and the skill of speculators have up to the present postponed it. Yet there is great doubt whether it can be much longer averted. The Money Market is very stringent, credit is shaken, and there is a large lock-up. More remarkable, however, than the success of German financiers in postponing a crisis is the confidence that has been maintained in Paris, in spite of what has happened in this country and the United States, and the notorious difficulties that exist in Germany. The great operators in Paris have bought, at high prices, all the securities offered for sale. By so doing, they have, of course, greatly relieved speculators in Germany, but how long they will be able, unassisted, to keep up quotations remains to be seen.

HOW NORWAY CONTROLS ITS LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

MUCH has been written in English newspapers and magazines about the method of dealing with spirit-selling in Sweden, which is known as the Gothenburg system; but the Norwegian system, which differs from the Swedish in one important particular at all events, has not been heard so much of. It is worth while to consider it and its actual working, for it has accomplished much good by simply regulating the traffic in spirituous liquors, and that is probably the direction which legislation upon this subject will take in our country—so far, at all events, as the large towns are concerned.

In Norwegian towns the Municipal Council, either alone or in association with the magistracy, is the licensing authority, and it determines the number of licences required for the reasonable desires of the public, and the term for which each licence shall be granted, but which must not exceed five years. No private individual can hold more than one licence, but, by an Act passed in 1871, "societies which bind themselves to apply the possible profit of their trading in aid of objects of general public benefit and utility, and whose articles of incorporation are

confirmed by a resolution of the magistracy and Municipal Council, and are sanctioned under the royal seal, . . . may hold one, several, or all the licences to retail ardent spirits to be issued in the locality." Where a society seeks, under this Act, to obtain all the licences in a town, it must necessarily do so, for the licensing authority has always before it the fact that private licensees spend the profits which they may make upon themselves; the society spends them upon "objects of general public benefit and utility."

This is the chief difference between the Swedish and the Norwegian systems: in neither country are the shareholders allowed to receive more than five per cent. per annum upon the paid-up capital of the society, but the surplus profits in Sweden go into the local treasury and reduce the rates, so that there is a direct inducement to encourage drinking, rather than the reverse: in Norway, on the other hand, no rate-aided charity or institution may share in the grants of surplus profits, which are made solely to such objects of public utility as are dependent upon the voluntary support of the public, and on that alone.

Societies have been formed in fifty-one out of the fifty-nine towns in Norway which have a licensing authority: in five no licences whatever are granted, and in only three small places, with an aggregate population of 1,280, are spirit licences still in private hands.

The total consumption of spirits has fallen from 2,612,520 gallons in 1876 to 1,189,440 gallons in 1887.

But the working of the system will be most readily understood by taking the instance of a single town, and I select Bergen because it is a large sea-port town and much visited; and because I have had the opportunity of seeing all the details of the Bergen Society's operations.

The suggestion that Bergen should avail itself of the power of the Act of 1871 is stated by Mr. Wilson, an English resident in Bergen, who has written a valuable pamphlet on "Local Option in Norway," to have been made by the magistracy to the Municipal Council; and a committee of that body, appointed to consider the matter and to take such action as it thought necessary, invited the citizens to form a society. In May, 1876, the articles of incorporation received the royal sanction, and the society began its operations on the 1st of January, 1877, with a capital of 80,000 kroner (about £4,500), held by sixty-nine shareholders. It had fourteen places of business, eleven of which were for the service of dram-drinkers, two were shops where only bottles of spirit were sold, and one was for both drams and bottles.

Every precaution was taken to prevent any inducement to drink being held out. The bars were placed in the most conspicuous situations—generally in a principal or much-frequented street—so that everyone who went in or out might be plainly seen; the bar-keepers were men of position and probity, approved of by the Municipal Council, and whose tenure of office depended upon their guarding against excess of drinking or other intemperance. They are paid by fixed salaries, and have no interest in the amount of sales. The bars themselves are as far removed from the gin-palaces of our great towns as can be well conceived. They are clean; and the attendants, all of whom are males, dressed in a special uniform, are courteous and attentive; but there are no seats, no snugs, no loitering. When the liquor required has been consumed, the customer must leave the premises. No drink must be served to anyone who shows signs of having already consumed as much as he can take without being unsteady, and the quantity served must not be such as may be anticipated to cause intoxication. Quietness and decorum are strictly enforced, and children are not allowed to enter the premises.

The bars are open on every working-day from 8 a.m. until noon, and from 1.30 p.m. until 8 p.m. They are closed at 5 p.m. on Saturdays, and on the day preceding a holy festival, and are not open at all on such festival days or on Sundays.

At first the society had fourteen bars, the population of Bergen being then about 40,000. It has now only thirteen, and the population is about 50,000. But it has control of the spirit traffic alone. Wine and ale require a special licence, which is obtained upon easier terms than that for spirits. Many of these licences have been granted by the Crown, often long ago, and some are perpetual licences. It is clearly of little benefit to the society simply to enter into competition with other sellers. Its *raison d'être* is the regulation of the traffic, and to regulate it effectually it requires to have a monopoly. It has bought up four of the perpetual licences, and sets aside part of its surplus profits annually to form a fund for the purchase of the remainder as they come into the market. When it has purchased all of them, it means to obtain a monopoly of the municipal licences, and thus to have the regulation of the liquor traffic entirely in its own hands.

The society has been in operation for thirteen years: what has been the result of its labours?

In the first place, there is a considerable reduction in the amount of spirits drunk, whilst there is a considerable but not a corresponding, increase in the consumption of wine and ale. The total quantity of drams sold has fallen from 2·2 quarts per head of the whole population in 1877 to 1·3 quarts in 1889: the sale of spirits in bottles has also largely diminished; and the total consumption of spirits is less by about 15,000 quarts, though the population has increased by about 10,000 persons.

In the second place, although the wine and ale houses have done more business, and although the society has employed two detectives and two specially appointed policemen to look out for and prevent offences against the society's bye-laws or public order, the apprehensions and summonses for drunkenness and similar offences, which were 1,186 in 1876, when the population was less and the society and its special means of detection were not in existence, were only 729 in 1889, and the charges of illegal sale of spirits fell from 15 to 5.

And, finally, the applications for spirits from persons of tender age or in an inebriated condition fell from 12,812 in a single quarter of 1877 to 12,610 in the whole of 1889.

Thus the mere regulation of the traffic has had the effect of reducing drunkenness, as well as that of lessening the total consumption of spirits. You cannot walk through the streets of Bergen without being struck with the rarity of extreme destitution; and, to those who knew the town twenty years ago, the change which has been wrought is indeed a remarkable one. The fact that it is a large and busy seaport town must also be borne in mind. But spirits are still consumed, and the society makes profits. Let us see how they have been expended.

In thirteen years the shareholders have received, as interest at 5 per cent., £3,140; excise duties, rates and taxes, have absorbed £30,305; the reserve fund has taken £4,445; purchase of premises, etc., £10,365; and grants to objects of public utility dependent on the voluntary support of the public have amounted to £64,155.

It is interesting to note what this term "objects of public utility" includes. The society which has laid out admirable walks on the sides of the hills surrounding Bergen, and has planted millions of forest-trees along them, has received £4,770; the museum which contains so interesting a collection of the Norwegian fauna, £4,890; the Bergen National Theatre, which is conducted with the aim of encouraging the art of acting, £2,610; the Nygaard Park Society, towards its charming new park, £5,085; the Bergen labourers' waiting-rooms, five in number, where good and cheap food may be obtained, £3,070; the School Board commissioners, towards the cost of sending diligent but delicate children into the country and boarding them during their holidays, £500; the Aged Handicraftsmen's Home, £835; the Sunday Home for domestic servants who have no friends or relations, £375; the society to provide children's

playgrounds in suitable places in the town, £775. And so I might go on through upwards of thirty more institutions of much value, but those I have named will suffice as a sample. But I must not omit to state that, out of the profits of the spirit traffic, the Bergen Total Abstinence Society has received £210; the New Total Abstinence Society, £770; the National Total Abstinence Society, £665; the Bergen Society of Abstainers from Alcoholic Drinks, £90; the United Order of Good Templars, £555; the Heimdal Inebriates' Home, £535; the "Fremad" Total Abstinence Society, £45; the Blue Ribbon Total Abstinence Society, £20; and the "Olaf Kyrre" Good Templars' Lodge, £55.

It is only right to add that some difficulty has been experienced at hotels where travellers wish to have spirits, and that the greatly increased number of visitors to Norway has made this trouble so serious that, in Christiania, special licences have been granted to one or two of the great hotels where English people congregate the most. This is clearly wrong. It might be better if we tried to imitate our Norwegian kindred in their control of the liquor traffic, rather than to induce them to modify their regulations to gratify our want of self-control.

ROBERT SPENCE WATSON.

SIR JOHN POPE HENNESSY.

"EXIT Mr. Pope Hennessy." Such was the malicious little head-line under which the *Pall Mall Gazette* recorded the defeat of the priests' candidate for King's County in the General Election of 1865. A quarter of a century has passed and the *Pall Mall* sees in the re-entry of this same "priests' candidate" as member for a neighbouring county, the salvation of its country—(Appropriate reflection on the above—Such is the irony of time!)

A third of a century ago, Lord Lingen, then permanent head of the Education Office, was providentially chastened by the presence of his staff of two very remarkable clerks, who did much to make him feel that he was not only mortal but fallible. One of these was Mr. W. S. Gilbert, the other Sir John Pope Hennessy. In time, having felt their London footing, they drifted away from Whitehall, one to the Strand, the other to Westminster, and from Westminster to Labuan, and thence across many seas and islands, back to Westminster once more. The character of Sir John Pope Hennessy's work in the House of Commons is best indicated by the lines which *Punch* put into the mouth of the then Irish Secretary, Sir Robert Peel, whom it represented as plaintively asking:—

> "Pope Hennessy, boy,
> From Ballymavoy,
> Why can't you lave me alone?"

He did much good work in Parliament, and a good deal that was bad. He was for the Pope and for the Poles; and whilst a tenants' man in the abstract, was sometimes the apologist of the landlord in the concrete. He beat Lord Palmerston over the question of opening the Civil Service to competition; and, as he told his Colonial subjects in after-years, he once rescued a meritorious "annual" of the House from imminent peril of extinction. The "annual" was a Bill brought forward each year by an eccentric old Liberal for prohibiting housemaids from cleaning windows whilst seated on the dangerous altitude of the window-sill. One year the Bill was nearly falling through for want of a seconder, but the member for King's County did what was needful by raising his hat; and the father of the Bill was made happy. Afterwards, in thanking his friend in need, he observed, "The public make a great mistake in supposing that mine is a grandmotherly piece of legislation. I'm not concerned for the housemaids, I only think of the people passing in the street on whom they fall."

When, two years after his defeat for King's County, it was announced that the Duke of Buckingham had appointed Mr. Pope Hennessy to the tiny Government of Labuan, the quidnuncs confined themselves to remarking what a very useful institution the Colonial Empire proved itself when a party follower had to be disposed of; and little more was heard of the new Governor, as far as British affairs were concerned, for the next five years, when Lord Kimberley, probably through the kindly advocacy of the late Lady Waldegrave, promoted him to the pleasant and profitable Government of the Bahamas. But when he had arrived in London, *en route* for his new Government, the Colonial Office diverted him for service as temporary Governor-in-Chief of Sierra Leone and the other West African settlements. Here he left his mark by revolutionising the fiscal system of the headquarters colony, and negotiating the transfer to this country of Elmina and the other Dutch settlements, which now form the western half of the flourishing Gold Coast colony. Always a bit of an Imperialist—although no worshipper of the truculently "Saxon" element in the Empire—Sir John indulged dreams of projecting the *Pax Britannica* into the interior of the country—a policy now well established and bearing fruit; and in giving shape to those dreams he gave the first strong indication of that principle which has been the chief credit of his pro-consular career, and which has so often been near to proving his own undoing. He chose as the secretary of his Government a pure negro, Mr. Blyden, one of the ablest men whom the African race has yet produced. Resigning West Africa to the Harleys and the Wolseleys of the Coomassie epoch, Sir John spent two quiet years at the Bahamas, passing thence to Barbados, from which island he exercised a general command over the four other islands, which, with Barbados, constitute what we perversely call the "Windward" group of the Caribean Sea, although they are in fact, from the sailor's point of view, the "Leeward"—our so-called Leeward Islands being, in fact, the Windward. About the time of his arrival at Barbados, the Colonial Office was suggesting to that and the "Windward" Islands that they should follow the recent example set them by our "Leeward" group, and confederate for common purposes under a central Legislature and Executive. The object of the Colonial Office was merely to promote economy and efficiency; but to the "ascendancy" planter of Barbados, the scheme meant something quite different. Barbados, it will be borne in mind, is the one island of the West Indies which the genius of Downing Street has not converted into a communistic and (*proh pudor!*) free-love republic. It remains the joy of Mr. Froude—the one spot in all the Caribean Sea where the negro is made to "sit up," where figuratively the prayer of the common people is still—

> "God bless the Squire and his relations,
> And teach us all to know our stations."

Now a confederation between this model community and the four communistic islands which were also within Sir John's commission, would have meant that the oligarchy of Barbados would have been hopelessly swamped, that the negro of that island would have joined forces with his outlying brethren, and taken to growing coffee and fruit on his own account, instead of toiling on a sugar estate at a shilling a day. The negroes were as quick as the planters to see the consequences of the scheme, and political excitement rose to fever-heat, ending in riot and bloodshed. Sir John remained unmoved amidst the turmoil. The editor of the planters' paper hurled figurative invective at his head day by day, but to no purpose. At last our *confrère* saw that more potent means must be used. If Sir John would not take in his arguments by the eye, he must take them in by the nose (joke). Arming himself with a month's issue of his paper, tied together with string, he sallied forth into the public street, and as the Governor's carriage passed, he hurled the bundle

straight at his face. He missed his aim, and the papers found their billet in Lady Hennessy's lap. Next day the Governor went down to the Police Court to give evidence against the culprit and beg him off. But the Colonial Office could stand no more. The Confederation scheme was dropped. Sir John was nominated to Hong Kong; and an excellent choice made of a special judge (Sir Lushington Phillips) to try the several classes of rioters, who had been indulging in more forcible arguments than those of the frenzied editor. The planters were glad to be rid of the Negro's Friend on any terms; but their joy was considerably damped by the provoking impartiality of Sir Lushington Phillips, who convicted one of their number of murdering a negro. "Do you mean to tell me, Phillips," asked a bibulous planter that night at dinner, "that you've convicted my friend —— of shooting a nigger?" "No," was the instant reply, "I didn't convict your friend for *shooting* the nigger; but, as a sportsman, I felt bound to be down on him for shooting a nigger *sitting*." At Hong Kong Pope Hennessy proved himself as much the friend of the Chinaman as he had been of the Negro. He earned the hatred of the white community by his denunciation of the cruel system of flogging and branding which was used to keep the Chinese in order; and by declaring war against the peculiarly cynical and brutalising methods locally in force for carrying out the C. D. Law of the place. It is to be noted as one of the bewildering peculiarities of a remarkable character, that, under the polished exterior of a wit and a worldling, Sir John Pope Hennessy conceals a knight-errant enthusiasm for causes which some of us contemptuously associate with the ~~time-honoured~~ names of Stiggins and Chadband. From Hong Kong he passed to Mauritius, another hot-bed of race jealousies, which, it must be confessed to, he did little to minimise. There he found an official *clique*, who, in his view, seemed to claim for themselves and their relations by marriage all appointments above a certain value. In the administration of justice he thought that he perceived a leaning of the Courts in favour of the employer and against the labourer—in fact, he conceived himself to be at the head of a system which was that of Dublin Castle over again, the chief among the *clique* being none other than that old favourite of "the Castle," Clifford Lloyd himself. The French Creoles stood for the Healys and the Sextons, and the negroes and Indians for Mr. Parnell's friends the Irish Labour Federation. To complete the analogy, there was an anti-National Catholic bishop, who, like Dr. O'Dwyer, sided with the ascendency party. The Creoles were not long in perceiving that the Governor was one with them in spirit. To do him justice he was at no pains to conceal it. The cry of "*Meurice pour les Meuriciens*" was echoed throughout the Island, and the excitement grew to as high a pitch as it had done in Barbados and Hong Kong. Mr. Stanhope, who at that juncture held the seals of the Colonial Office, took the exceptional step of sending a neighbouring Governor (Sir Hercules Robinson) to inquire into the trouble. Sir John Pope Hennessy treated Sir Hercules Robinson and his Commission on the same lines as Mr. Healy treated the Special Commission. He abstained from attending its sittings and neglected to put in a defence—so that Sir Hercules, his patience worn out, decided the case off his own bat, and suspended his fellow-member of the Carlton, who, coming to London to appeal to Cæsar, found the Cæsarian throne occupied by his old acquaintance, Lord Knutsford, who, knowing "the Pope" of old, and thoroughly convinced of the difficulty of getting the best of him, put a good face on it, and sent "the Pope" back in triumph with a general acquittal and a very mild wigging on the minor matters brought against him; for, in truth, much that "the Pope" had put in practice was only what Lord Knutsford and his predecessors had been preaching for years. But Sir John was in no hurry to go back. He had a libel case to settle with the *Times*, which had published a letter from its local correspondent, accusing him of tampering with the "proofs" of the local Hansard. It is said that the action cost the *Times* more to settle than the libel action of Mr. Parnell! That matter disposed of, Sir John returned for the last time to a Government House, amidst the deafening plaudits of his devoted "Meuriciens." In 1889 he finally retired on a pension, and, after a season of pleasant frivolity in London, threw himself once again into the stormy region of popular politics. The man whose career we have sketched is, as our readers will perceive, no longer the Tory of former days—nor, indeed, a Tory in any sense, except that he retains a keen appreciation of the cuisine, comforts, and elegances of that excellent institution the Carlton Club. That he is still a member of it may, however, be most correctly ascribed to that element of Puck-like humour in his character which attracted the keen appreciation of his former chief, Benjamin Disraeli.

PROGRESS IN FAR CATHAY.

THE news from China that an Imperial decree has been promulgated, announcing that the Emperor will grant an audience to all foreign representatives in February next, and annually thereafter at every Chinese new year, seems hardly to have attracted the attention which it deserves. The innovation is not only startling in itself, but when viewed in connection with the new policy which seems to be finding favour within the "Purple Forbidden City," is, undoubtedly, of vast importance. Hitherto, to the outer barbarian, the majesty of the Chinese throne has been practically unapproachable. The Kings of Heaven have been too sacred personages to have immediate dealings with representatives of mundane Powers, however influential. Foreign Ministers would not *kotow*, and at Pekin the ordinary courtesies of diplomatic equality have, with one exception, steadily been ignored. But all that, it would appear, is being changed. Slowly, but surely, in that vast and wonderful empire the conservatism of centuries is being undermined; and China, touched by the progressive and liberalising spirit of the time, seems about to emerge into the clearer light of a new day.

Various agencies have been, and are, at work to this end. There can be no doubt that when the Celestial Government consented to the sending of Missions to Europe, it struck the first, and one of the most effective, blows at its own international exclusiveness The influence of Li-hung-Chang, the first civilian in the empire, too, has been long a potent factor in the progressive movement. But it is the youthful Emperor himself who is now playing the most important part in the silent revolution which is taking place. He has, during the present year especially, manifested an extraordinary and active interest in the welfare of his subjects. Nowhere is official life so corrupt as in China, and the Emperor has, in a number of ways, been doing his best to sweep away abuses which are both common and flagrant. His latest decree is sure to meet with the veiled, but not less determined, opposition of the officials immediately surrounding the throne. These officials are, with very few exceptions, still bitterly hostile to the *fan-kwi*—the foreign devil—and will, as long as they can, use all the arts of the double-faced diplomacy for which they are notorious, to neutralise the effects of the Emperor's concession. But time and authority work wonders, and even the most Conservative of the Mandarins will have to submit when the Emperor is determined.

Not the least satisfactory result of the new condition of things will be the beneficial effect which contact with the Foreign ministers is bound to have upon the Emperor himself. And it is well that it should be so, for there are stirring times ahead in the Far East. We have no great faith in the dictum

of those who would have us believe in the immediate development of the internal resources of the empire, or in the early construction of railways across the length and breadth of its teeming provinces. These things will come, but not just yet. Nor do we believe with Lord Wolseley that the Chinese will take to the profession of arms and hurl themselves upon the Russian empire. Defence, not conquest, as we have lately been reminded, is the aim of the Chinese military organisation, and it is in defence that their powers will yet be put to the test. Corea, it should be remembered, is the cock-pit of the Far East, and Corea is still the nominal suzerain of China. A struggle there may come sooner than many expect. Russia and America have both been intriguing at Seoul for some time. Russia has already planned railways to the very borders of the Middle Kingdom, and if, as is thought by some, the Colossus of the north occupies Corea and Manchuria, China will have to fight for her very existence. But however that may be, all who believe that China has yet to play an important part in the destinies of the race will welcome the Liberal tendencies of the present *régime*. The Emperor has made a good beginning. We trust that his latest concession is but the first of a series equally sensible which will bring himself and his empire into closer touch with the countries and the civilisation of the West.

A HOME FOR LOST AUTHORS.

THE virtue that dwells in a name has vindicated itself once more. A short while ago Mr. Walter Besant conceived the idea of founding an Author's Club in London. His enthusiasm infected few. The public held (and, we believe, justly held) that before allowing the makers of its literature to gather under one roof, it had a right to know the weight of the gloves, and whether the proposed social intercourse would be determined by points or by knocking-out. It argued that after next July (when the American Copyright Bill will probably become law), the entrance fees and annual subscriptions of the Pelican and Ormonde Clubs would no longer be prohibitory to authors: and that these two institutions, while capable, by a slight dilation of rules and house-room, of accommodating even aspirants to the Laureateship, were intolerable enough in their own districts to render the formation of a third a risky, if not hopeless, undertaking. The proposal, for these and other reasons, found little favour. But it assumed quite another aspect this week, with the announcement that Mr. Besant had abandoned his desire for an Author's Club and asked for an Author's House, instead.

The change of nomenclature appears almost trivial at first. But it makes all the difference in the world. It means that we have a scheme before us which, with due development, may come to rival General Booth's. Indeed we see no reason (provided no personal jealousy exists between the two great principals) why the Author's House and the march out of Darkest London should not be organised at the same head-quarters. Nay, the "House" may prove necessary to the realization of the General's hopes. There is not a publisher's reader in London but will affirm his reasoned conviction that two-thirds—to quote the lowest figure—of the famous Submerged Tenth have been engaged "at one time or another, or oftener" in writing books. Some of our authorities are ready with statistics in support of their estimate; and the majority hold that these are probably the better educated among the destitute—obviously the ones to whom our first efforts should be directed. The aims and possibilities of the House are, as obviously, too wide for exposition in a short article. But a few of its most salient features may be noted. Its main purpose, as the name indicates, is to provide a home, an immense sanitarium, for those who have yielded to temptation, and by indulgence in literary work, intermittent or chronic, have sunk to the lowest social strata and dragged their families with them. To retrieve these wretches; to provide them with necessary comforts; to hedge them round for a while from sight of the pens, paper, and ink with which the outer world is strewn so insidiously; to harden their moral fibre and send them forth at last fit to take their place and do their duties as members of Vigilance and other Societies—this will be the task of Mr. Besant's lieutenants. And, stated thus, its affinity to General Booth's task becomes at once patent. Ink and Drink—the twin curses of England's social life—will be attacked simultaneously, and, for the first time, with something like strategy and adequate organisation. We, reviewers, whose efforts to suppress the writing-evil have hitherto been desultory, lacking in cohesion and unity of aim, should be the first to welcome a scheme which substitutes wholesale for sporadic cure, and should spoil that welcome with no pick-thank criticism. We could hardly be expected to show enthusiasm when invited to join in promoting a Club, where, presumably, we must have mixed with creative persons on equal terms. But with an institution in which we shall at least be distinguished by an uniform and side-arms it is possible to feel more satisfaction.

That the writing-evil is in all instances curable it would be rash to assert. Like the Home for Lost Dogs, our new institution will, perhaps, contain a Lethal Chamber for the desperate cases. It may even turn out that the entire suppression of literature is not contemplated. Ink, like Alcohol, has certain medicinal virtues, and might be granted in small quantities to qualified reviewers for homœopathic purposes. Indeed, in the case of the authors themselves, it is only the bigot who would object to moderate inking, if only it could be practised without danger of lapses into excess. For such patients as proved themselves worthy of this latitude, what could be more salutary than A Day in the Country, under the guidance of Mr. Besant and his helpers? What more desirable than to give these unfortunates a glimpse of the natural phenomena they have described so often for others? And is it not a pity that in an island so beautiful as our own, crowded as it is with flora and fauna, and experiencing at least one sunset every day, we should have but one poet, Lord Tennyson, and one novelist, Mr. Hardy, in the least able to describe the commonest thing as it really looks?

There is but one drawback, that we can see, to such an excursion. It will be next to impossible to restrain the excursionists from conversing on their way and absorbing each other's opinions. Still, with proper care, the leakage of individuality might be reduced to an infinitesimal quantity and easily corrected by the complete isolation which would be enforced on every other day of the year. This isolation must be the central idea of any attempt to raise the British author from his present degradation. And here we have the secret of the popular attitude towards the proposed Club. It was felt that a Club, if founded on anything like the usual lines, would hardly provide isolation for more than one man, and even he must be possessed of some peculiarly distressing talent before he could count on solitude. To erect a Club for each author would have involved the promoters in monetary obligations such as are undesirable in the infancy of the most promising schemes: and a convict prison, though cheap and compact, was felt to be inconsistent with the dignity of letters.

The difficulty, we believe, has been solved by Mr. Besant; and we heartily congratulate him. With a competent staff of reviewers, clothed in a becoming uniform and obedient to a master-will, the institution should work wonders. Let it be given a fair start, and before long we shall be able to walk through Paternoster Row without kicking out our boots against the bones of authors who have trampled each other down in a blind instinct of self-preservation on the half-profit system.

HOME PETS.

VII.—Piano-Tuners.

PIANO-TUNERS—so-called from a Greek word signifying one who never wipes his boots—are very difficult to domesticate properly. They may be enticed into the house by the offer of a piano to tune; but as soon as they have satisfied their appetite with it, they rush off at once, unless they are forcibly prevented. Our greatest living naturalist says in a recent work: "I am not acquainted with any instance of piano-tuners being kept in a state of captivity. Little is known of their habits, as opportunities for observation are very rare." Another writer of hardly less repute merely remarks that they are very shy, have sharp talents, and a very moderate bill. I have no hesitation in saying that if these two writers had only exercised a little patient research, they might have had much more to tell us. They are not even correct. I myself own a beautifully marked piano-tuner who comes to me every few months. They like their liberty, it is true; but when they get to know you, they always come back at regular intervals. Their curious passion for tuning pianos is very strong, and may be utilised to secure their capture. Take a piano, put it into a furniture van, and shut the doors; then drive it slowly down the street of any suburb. Presently you will see a group of these interesting little animals, with their anxious faces and little black bags, running behind the van, and only pausing to fight one another. So remarkable is their instinct that they can scent a grand piano on a clear day at a distance of over two miles. It is easy enough to select from the little group of tuners the one which you would like to have for your own; a few shots will disperse the rest. But their plumage is not very valuable, and it would be brutal to kill many of them. Although, as I have pointed out, they are very pugnacious among themselves, they rarely bite a fancier. When you have selected your tuner, give him a piano to worry, and then let him go away. Do not keep him on the chain, because that will only make him unhappy. If you have treated him properly, he will probably come back to you. When they are not devouring pianos, it is believed that tuners make their lair in little tropical drawing-rooms, where there are stuffed humming-birds and luscious waxen fruit, and the tenants flit softly away in the moonlight. There is generally a brass plate outside, and it is said that females of the species are as likely as not, if provoked, to undertake dress-making. But this is mere conjecture. In the same way the statement that the females of piano-tuners always teach in a Sunday school is only supposition, based on the fact, which so many fanciers have noticed, that piano-tuners invariably refuse a second glass of sherry.

I have frequently been asked by young fanciers on what principles one should choose a piano-tuner. It is an easy enough task. Just as one prefers a velveteen-coated photographer to the other kind, because he appears to have a higher tone, but is not more expensive; so, in choosing a tuner, you should select the one which has the longest hair. Of course, a good deal depends on the purpose for which you want him. The long-haired invest their work with the most artistic merit; but those which part their hair in the middle are the best conversationalists, and are far more likely to wear varnished boots. It is not altogether pleasant to watch a hungry tuner at work. You turn the animal into the room where the poor piano is lying. He glares wildly around, until he sees his prey; then throws down his hat, and dashes at the instrument. In a moment he has torn off its hide, and you may hear him breathing heavily, with his head in its entrails. Then he withdraws his head, and proceeds more slowly with his repast, taking little pecks at it. The poor instrument cries piteously, but it is not safe to interfere with a tuner after he has once tasted octaves. When he first opens the piano, it is, however, usual to make some remark in order to encourage him; if the remark is technical, it should be correct. It is not right to say "The mainspring's gone, I'm afraid;" or, "There will be a good deal of soot in it, as we didn't have it done last winter." That sort of thing only makes the tuner angry; it is both kinder and wiser to point out to him how seasonable the weather is.

If you intend to keep a piano-tuner, you must be very careful not to disappoint him. Tuners are sensitive creatures. A man once told a young, fair-haired tuner to come in the afternoon, not knowing that his wife had told a grizzled plethoric tuner to come in the morning. So when the young fair-haired animal came in the afternoon, the piano was already tuned. But the butler knew nothing about it, and shut the animal up in the drawing-room alone, and put sherry within easy reach. After an interval of two hours the butler entered the room again, and found the tuner dead on the music-stool, with his head in a black bag of tuning instruments. It is supposed that the poor animal, finding the instrument in perfect tune, then tried the pitch. You cannot touch pitch without being defiled, and the disappointment, defilement, and sherry—acting together on an already enfeebled constitution—had broken the tuner's heart. I forget what they did with the body, but I do not think they had it stuffed. On the other hand, another friend assured me that he had his piano tuned by three of these animals in one day, and that they all of them told him that it wanted doing very badly. His rooms were wrecked that night by the occupants of other rooms on the same staircase, but otherwise he seemed pleased with his experiment.

THE DRAMA.

THERE is an old proverb (so old that you will find it, I daresay, in the Rig-Veda or, at least, in the Thoughts of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus): The wise man never lends his book, his wife, or the key of his wine cellar. For want of a third part of this wisdom many personages of modern farce have come to misfortune. They lend their wives, do these foolish ones, and then—but, to fix our ideas, let us put the matter in orthodox Euclidean form. A, then, lends (the word must, of course, be understood here in the Platonic or Pickwickian sense) his wife B to C (who is betrothed to an *ingénue*, D) in order to deceive a bald-headed martinet, E. Now, in this formula two elements, C and E, are what the mathematicians call fixed quantities, *i.e.*, under all circumstances we must have—

C = an extravagant young bachelor, heavily in debt.
E = some uncle or guardian of B's, who holds the purse-strings, and can only be persuaded to loose them on evidence that B is a married man.

(If you ask why E insists upon B's marrying, I can only say that this postulate must be granted before the game can be played. Ascribe it, if you choose, to E's whim—stage uncles are invariably whimsical—or to the provisions of one of those eccentric wills which abound in the Probate Registry of the theatre.) The other letters may vary in value. Thus, A and B may be merely friends of C, in which case your formula becomes that of M. Maurice Desvallières' *Prête-moi ta Femme*, produced at the Palais Royal some eight years ago, subsequently in the English provinces as *Borrowed*, and quite recently at the St. James's Theatre as *Your Wife*. Or, again, A may be C's valet, and B may be C's housemaid. Then you have the initial situation of *Jane*, the farce by Messrs. Harry Nicholls and W. Lestocq, now to be seen at the Comedy. You will already have guessed the complications that ensue, for they are strictly conditioned by the nature of the case. A, B and C (as E proves sceptical) are driven to keep up their original deception by a constant supply of splendid mendacities. Lying (see *L'Etourdi* or *Le*

Menteur, and their family) has ever been a mainspring of farce. One of the lies relates, of course, to the parentage of a baby. Babies (or what on the stage is the same thing, pug dogs) are also among the mainsprings. In the older French play the baby (call it x as an unknown quantity) belongs to A and B. In *Jane* x is the progeny of another couple, F and G—which introduces a further complication. For so realistically do B and C (E still proving sceptical) make-believe to be married that A becomes tortured by jealousy, so does D; while F and G, unable to regain possession of x quite as soon as they desire, make matters unpleasant for all the letters of the alphabet. Here, you see, are the materials for a diverting imbroglio; and when you know that A is Mr. Brookfield, B Miss Lottie Venne, C Mr. Hawtrey, and E Mr. Kemble, you may be sure that none of these materials is allowed to run to waste. The authors of *Jane*, by the way, deny that they have either seen or heard of the French piece; but no one who considers how insignificant is the number of possible farce-combinations would ever have charged them with plagiarism. The familiar computation that there are only forty good stories in the world, thirty-nine of which cannot be told to ladies, is quite as applicable to the stage as to the smoking-room. Were it not for the facts that the Lord Chamberlain has licensed the piece, and that the Comedy Theatre is a favourite Habitation for the Dames of the Primrose League, I should have been inclined to include *Jane* among the thirty-nine.

Be that as it may, Thackeray's *Rose and the Ring* is the fortieth, for it may be told to ladies, and especially in the words of the author's preface, to "children young and old." For the benefit of Christmas holiday-makers, a dramatisation of this story by Mr. Savile Clarke, with music by Mr. Walter Slaughter, has been produced at the Prince of Wales Theatre; and a delightful entertainment it is—an indispensable addition to every child's Paradise of Dainty Devices. It was the same librettist and composer who gave us, a season or two ago, a stage version of *Alice in Wonderland*; and here, as there, they have served up a feast of fun, simple innocency, and good taste, such as no Christmas pantomime has provided since the days of Planché's extravaganzas. Not only has the child-like prattle of the text been preserved with religious care, but the dear old ill-drawn pictures have been reproduced with a fidelity that entitles the presiding genius of the tiring-room to the gratitude of all loyal Thackerayans. Here are all our old friends, in their habits as we knew them. Bulbo, in his loose dress-coat, his pumps, his ample white waistcoat, and all the unkempt luxuriance of his 1854 cravat; King Valoroso, in his flowered dressing-gown, serving out the sausages for breakfast and drinking brandy out of the egg-cup; Betsinda, with her mop and mob-cap; ugly old Gruffanuff; the terrible Hogginarmo; and the cruel Padilla, in his Crusader's suit of chain-mail. The youngsters will find the transformation of the naughty Jenkins Gruffanuff into a door-knocker even more impressive on the stage than in the book, and thus, when they return to Rodwell Regis, will detect a new significance in a certain verse of their *Ars Poetica*, of which, in their holidays, it would be unfair more precisely to remind them. All the figuration of the piece, to use a useful Gallicism, is in the hands of little children, Mr. Stedman's choristers and Mr. D'Auban's dancers, who sing their music mostly through the nose as Cockney children will, but dance, especially in a revival of the sixteenth-century *pavane*, in which their "peacocking" is admirably done, with a certain grace which only Cockney children, with their early apprenticeship to the pavement and piano-organ school of choregraphy, can show. At their head is little Empsie Bowman, who, clever little actress as she is, will, I hope, for her sake, be left out of the evening bill. Thackeray himself would have wished it, be sure, and Captain Costigan would alter his famous song for the occasion:—

> . . . . "A girl with curly head,
> I think you'll all agree with me—that she was best in bed.
> Ritolderol," &c.

But it is of no use to re-open here the vexed question of the employment of child-labour in theatres. That employment "has increased, is increasing," despite the protests of the economists and the humanitarians (leaving out of account the "bleating sentimentalists," to whom, with Bossuet, child-acting is *la prostitution de corps purifiés par le baptême*) that it "ought to be diminished." The recent legislation on the subject is practically a dead letter. Play-goers seem to like it, and so modern stage-managers take for their motto—all unwittingly, of course, for stage-managers do not, I think, read the Vulgate—the text, *Sinite parvulos*. I trust no one will say this is the devil quoting Scripture to his purpose.

As I have accused stage-managers of not reading the Vulgate, it is perhaps only right that I should confess to having prigged my line of Bossuet not from Bossuet, but from M. Jules Lemaître. The new volume of M. Lemaître's "Impressions de Théâtre" is out this week, and furnishes the many admirers of the chief of the "impressionist" school of criticism with as lively reading as any of its four predecessors. This time M. Lemaître—*paysan autochthone* though he admits himself to be, knowing no modern language but his own—adventures more than his wont into foreign dramatic literatures. He has some wise things to say about Ibsen, and some not wise (*e.g.*, he takes Pastor Manders in *Ghosts* quite seriously); utters some delicious impertinences about Kit Marlowe (comparing *Tamburlaine the Great* to the horrible Annamite play at the late Paris Exhibition); and treats Shakespeare with shocking irreverence. But these impertinences and irreverences are good for Englishmen to read; especially good, say, for *Quarterly* Reviewers and all the old dogmatic school. Let these learn from M. Lemaître that "there is no room for the absolute in literary judgments; that it is to our temperament, our sensibility, our personal taste, that the final appeal lies; and that we do not like works of art because they are good, but that they are good because we like them." But it is too cold (joy!—as I write, a thaw is predicted!) to discuss the Higher Criticism—so let me go downstairs and thaw myself by the kitchen fire.

A. B. W.

THE WEEK.

MR. BODKIN is conducting WILLIAM O'BRIEN'S paper, the *Insuppressible*, with most praiseworthy energy. The whole journal bristles with effective points against the Parnellites, and anyone who has read it cannot be surprised at MR. PARNELL'S anxiety to extinguish it. Every twist and turn of "Mr. Fox" is exposed with relentless pertinacity. Moreover, MR. BODKIN does good service by showing how many Irish provincial papers, which are now quoted in England, have turned against MR. PARNELL since the struggle began. In one respect MR. BODKIN gives a delightful proof of his nationality. He says MR. PARNELL is "the architect of his country's ruin." That "bull" ought to be historic.

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN thinks that English magazines are inferior, and he is going to show us "how to do it." His *Modern Review*—an old name revived—is to be apparently a cross between the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and the *North American Review*, which MR. BUCHANAN believes to be the two best magazines, in the sense of being the most catholic. CARLYLE called *Blackwood* the "sand magazine," and *Fraser*, as a nearer approach to the possibility of life, the "mud magazine;" yet old Ebony is as prosperous and portly now as in the days of ST. CHRISTOPHER

NORTH, while *Fraser* has been dead for years, killed by ST. ANTHONY FROUDE. Mr. Buchanan's wholesale condemnation of English magazines—he excepts the *Nineteenth Century*—is a bad omen for his new venture. Criticisms, he ought to know by this time, like curses, often come home to roost. Eminently qualified in many ways as an apostle, MR. BUCHANAN has hitherto failed to find a mission. Perhaps he is going to succeed at last; we shall not be disappointed if he does.

THE contribution of an ex-convict to the current number of the *North American Review* is one evidence of its catholicity. "X.X.X." describes how in 1883 the *Summary* was started in the New York State Reformatory at Elmira. Attempts to establish a prison newspaper had been made in many places before, but without success. The *Summary* is a newspaper edited and published exclusively by prisoners, echoing the spirit of its convict founders, and pursuing a course dictated not by official pleasure or policy, but by the good sense and judgment of its editor. Other prison papers soon appeared, and now they are a distinct feature of American journalism, shaping the public sentiment and raising the moral and intellectual standard of the institutions in which they appear. Above all, they serve to maintain among the prisoners a sympathetic interest in outside matters which a convict nearly always loses, and the loss of which is one of the most horrible results of imprisonment. Here is something worth the consideration of our prison authorities.

IT has long been admitted that COLUMBUS was a very remarkable man, and now, just in the nick of time, before it could enter into the head of the HON. IGNATIUS DONELLY to prove that WILLIAM CAXTON and not COLUMBUS was the discoverer of America, MR. ELIOT STOCK has given to the world "Ye Secrete Log Boke" of the Admiral of the Ocean, written, signed, and sealed by his own hand. This extraordinary treasure-trove, contained in the wooden case in which COLUMBUS had thrown it overboard during a storm, was picked up by a fisherman off the Pembrokeshire coast, four months ago. The fact that it is written in English removes at once any doubt as to its being the handiwork of COLUMBUS.

MR. DONELLY, we expect, has had his eye on COLUMBUS for some time; but MR. ELIOT STOCK'S discovery having made it impossible for him to do anything with the Genoese sailor, he returns promptly to the Great Cryptogram. His new "Testimony against Shakspere" establishes beyond a doubt that the words "Francis—Bacon—Nicholas—Bacon's—Son" are contained on pages 53, 54, and 55 of the SHAKESPEARE Folio of 1623. By inventing a complex system of counting backwards and forwards and up and down, these words are got into the order given. That MR. DONELLY can make out of SHAKESPEARE'S plays "an unparalleled mosaic of cipher work," and can "count and adjust every word over and over again, to meet the mathematical exigencies" of an invented narrative is manifest; but that the editor of the *North American Review* should allow him to do so in his pages is what we fail to understand.

SOME correspondence between TOLSTOI and the REV. ADIN BALLOU, the founder of the "Hopedale Community," has just been published. MR. BALLOU was for many years a believer in "the Christian doctrine of non-resistance." His "Community," which flourished for fourteen years (1832-56) in the neighbourhood of Boston, agreed never to become an incorporated body politic under any government which required its subjects to slaughter human beings in war, which inflicted death on criminals, or resorted to deadly force against offenders. From 1856 until his death in August, 1890, at the age of eighty-seven, MR. BALLOU stood almost alone, but never wavered in his practice of non-resistance.

IN 1889, a friend of MR. BALLOU'S sent some of his works to TOLSTOI, who replied at once, assuring his correspondent that he found in MR. BALLOU'S books "all the objections that are generally made against non-resistance victoriously answered, and also the true basis of the doctrine." The ice being broken, MR. BALLOU himself wrote to TOLSTOI, and several curious letters passed between the two reformers. On one point they could not agree. "A true Christian," said COUNT TOLSTOI, "will always prefer to be killed by a madman rather than to deprive him of his liberty." MR. BALLOU gravely argues against this position, and TOLSTOI as gravely replies. "My dear, cursed caitiffs," says the jester in the pulpit in STRUTT'S forgotten romance, *Queen-Hoo-Hall*, "St. Peter asked Father Adam, as they journeyed to Camelot, an high, great, and doubtful question, 'Adam, Adam, why eatedst thou the apple without paring?'"

AMERICAN literary men seem given to posing, not only before the world, but in the presence of each other. MR. RUSSELL LOWELL gave MR. W. D. HOWELLS a dinner on his first visit to Boston, and the host remarked to the other two guests, DR. HOLMES and MR. FIELDS, "This is the laying on of hands: it is our literary apostolic succession." This is a small circumstance, but it is quite sufficient as an indication of the quality of the men who took part in it. Some such speech might have been made by DICKENS to WILKIE COLLINS; but TENNYSON, or CARLYLE, or MATTHEW ARNOLD, or HAWTHORN, or EMERSON, would not, on the occasion of any festivity, have perpetrated anything so *banal*.

MISS LILIAN WHITING declares that the dinner to MR. HOWELLS "was one of those vivid hours of life in which there is crossed an unseen line, the boundary of another zone . . . The young poet of twenty-three was standing on the threshold of his kingdom, and this was at once his welcome and his initiation into the promised land." Surely the great man who was to slay DICKENS and THACKERAY, and to lead the Children of Washington out of the Egyptian darkness of Romanticism, deserved the benediction of him who sneered at CARLYLE because he had been a schoolmaster, and found Mrs. BROWNING'S "Aurora Leigh" to be "the worst example of the worst school of modern poetry."

IN St. Petersburg, in 1843, ten years after their publication, MADAME ALLAN insisted on acting DE MUSSET'S comedies. Their fame as acting plays travelled back to Paris, and they were soon staged at the Théâtre Française, where they are still stock pieces. In England they are already fairly well known, as several of them are read in schools; but now a selection from the comedies and proverbs in the CAMELOT series will enable that portion of the public which prefers, like EMERSON, a translation of the original, to make acquaintance with "Le Caprice" and "On ne Badine pas avec l'Amour."

WILL it ever be possible to make a popular selection for English readers from DE MUSSET'S poems and tales? The poet who succeeded in writing, what almost every other poet has failed in, a ballad to the moon; and the story-teller who, in "Fréderic et Bernerette," gave Paris the most delightful of the many pleasant grisettes in French fiction, deserves at least to be as well known in England as BERANGER.

IF housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages

A WELL-KNOWN philosopher whose studies in sociology are monumental, and who is a confirmed bachelor, finds some of his researches embarrassed by a lack of experience. He has arrived at the point when a philosophical view of marriage clamours for exposition; but what does he know about matrimony? It is said that this social difficulty found expression recently in the course of conversation between the philosopher and a very charming woman. "I have been studying the habits of the Polynesians," he said gravely, "especially the practice of kissing. Now I know nothing about kissing. Can you enlighten me?" The situation was worthy of MR. DU MAURIER.

MR. HALL CAINE has solved the problem of coincidence which is mistaken for plagiarism. An incident which he witnessed in his boyhood, and which he afterwards embodied in a novel, appears in a story by a French writer who was little known in England, and who probably wrote his tale before MR. HALL CAINE was born. The details are identical, and yet it would be a very poor cynicism to accuse MR. HALL CAINE of borrowing what he never read. His explanation is that, given certain facts, two competent writers will probably treat them in precisely the same way. MR. HALL CAINE did not invent his incident, and LÉO LESPÉS did not imagine his. So both writers used the same details, and even the same phrases, just as they might have given the same descriptions of a cathedral spire or a sunset. All this is intelligible, but it will enable the artful plagiarist to make out a case for originality.

JOHN FORSTER was not exactly the man to inspire genial anecdotes, but there is one tale of him which has never been chronicled. Many years ago a certain youth at Newcastle was very much indisposed to turn his mind to the business which his mature advisers understood and appreciated, but yearned to distinguish himself in journalism and literature. To him said a local sage one day, "You're just like a boy I knew whose father was a butcher here, and had one of the best businesses in the place. Do you think he'd follow his father and be a butcher too, and make himself a name? Not he! Nothing would do for him but to go to London and take up with newspapers and stuff. Trust my word, my lad, or you'll come to the same end. His name was JOHN FORSTER, and I've never heard tell of him since." "But," said the reprimanded boy, eager to show his knowledge, "MR. FORSTER is a great man. He has written the 'Life of Goldsmith.'" "Pooh!" quoth the sage, "I never heard of it."

WHY do not doctors tell us Christmas stories? They must have an immense store of varied material which can be turned into ghosts without the smallest trouble. A London physician had a patient who died, bequeathing his body for scientific uses to his medical adviser. The doctor, in the course of certain experiments, removed the brain and a portion of the spine. One afternoon, when he was taking a nap after some particularly hard work, the door of his study opened, and the dead patient entered and took a chair. He seemed distressed, and the upper part of his head opened and shut like an oyster. "Doctor," he said at last, "you have taken away my brain and my back. Do you seriously think you have done me any good?" Here is a germ of a capital Christmas tale. No doubt it will turn up again in another form before long by sheer force of coincidence.

THE entertainment which MR. SAVILE CLARKE and MR. WALTER SLAUGHTER have made out of "The Rose and the Ring" is very pretty, but it can scarcely be called Thackerayan. In this story THACKERAY indulged in a very manifest burlesque of the ordinary fairy tale, and it was impossible for MR. SAVILE CLARKE to preserve this peculiar spirit of dainty mockery. The satire on royalties and courtly dignities is perforce absent, and we do not hear the little deserted Rosalba crying to the vanished attendants, "My Royal Highness very hungry!" But why does not some enterprising person dramatise "Rebecca and Rowena"? It would be very pretty if it were properly done, and would amuse the youngsters and some oldsters not a little.

THE galleries of the Fine Art Society will be almost monopolised this spring by the flower-painters. No less than three "one man" exhibitions treating mainly of garden subjects will come close together. Of these the most important will be MR. ALFRED PARSONS' "Orchards and Gardens." MR. PARSONS has been busy throughout a not too favourable summer; and the result will be a collection of about fifty pictures, painted in some of the most beautiful gardens in England. His Avon collection, a few years ago, is still pleasantly remembered; and those who have seen the more brilliant canvases on which he is now at work can hardly believe that the new show will fall short of the old. A writer, indeed, in the American edition of *Harper's Magazine* has been so profoundly impressed with MR. PARSONS' recent work as to abandon criticism and give us dithyrambs instead. The primroses, we hear, lick the feet of this lover of nature, and wag their stems with joy at his coming! "Orchards and Gardens" will probably be on view in April; and MRS. ALLINGHAM will follow with a series of studies in the gardens of Sussex.

THE execution of MRS. PEARCEY on Tuesday was conducted absolutely in private, and we were accordingly spared the ghastly attempts at fine writing wherewith the penny-a-liner of old times used to add to the horrors of the death punishment. This was for good; but it must be remembered that when Parliament very reluctantly consented to the substitution of private for public executions, it did so upon the distinct understanding that the public should be represented on these ghastly occasions by members of the Press. Twenty years ago "publicity" was still believed in, even by members of Parliament. The interiors of our prisons were not then carefully hidden from the outside world; whilst if a garotter was flogged or a murderer hanged, the reporter was present to witness everything. Who is to be blamed for the change which seems to have crept over the public mind upon this point—the prison official, or the "newspaper man"? Is it that we are now so fully satisfied of the trustworthiness of the former that we think no watchful public eye need be kept upon him, or is it that the reporter has sickened us by too great zeal in the discharge of his unpleasant duties?

THERE was a crowd in front of Newgate on Tuesday morning at the moment when MRS. PEARCEY was strangled within those gloomy walls. Some of the reporters seemed to think that the crowd was similar in character to that which used to fill the triangular space in front of the debtor's door in the old days when MR. CALCRAFT discharged his ghastly duties in public. They could hardly have been more entirely mistaken. Nowhere else in the world could such a crowd have been seen as that which used to assemble at Newgate in the old days when an execution was to take place. Men about town, loose women, literary Bohemians, were there in force; but they were outnumbered enormously by the surging together of the vilest and most hopeless of the social wrecks to be found in the largest city in the world. Those who from the height of a tavern window have looked down upon the seething mass of villany which confronted the scaffold on those occasions, can tell horrible tales of the crimes wrought in the middle of that crowd—crimes occasionally of murderous brutality, at other times of nameless atrocity. We have at least got rid of

these things now-a-days, and for this at all events we must be thankful.

THE last public execution in England took place in May, 1868. Newgate was the scene, and the sufferer was BARRETT, the Fenian who was convicted of having blown up the wall of the Clerkenwell House of Detention in order to effect the relief of an Irish prisoner there. Never did a man die more bravely on the scaffold than this misguided youth. There was not a tremor in his legs as he stood waiting for the awful moment; but the spectators noticed that the knees of his trousers were all frayed and worn, and realised the truth of what they had heard of his having spent the greater part of his time in the condemned cell in prayer. But the strangest incident of that particular execution was witnessed some two hours before the drop fell. Three men were seen to make their way through the dense crowd until they reached a spot immediately opposite the scaffold. Then they fell upon their knees, and remained for many minutes with bowed heads in silent prayer. The police stole round them, suspicious but unobtrusive. They had recognised the men. They were the three Fenians who had been tried along with BARRETT, but who had been acquitted of the crime for which he was about to die. When they had finished their prayers they rose to their feet and silently disappeared.

UNDER THE SHADOW OF McKINLEY.

NEW YORK, December 10, 1890.

ALTHOUGH it is now a month since the election, it is still very difficult to say what effect it is to have on politics. The Republicans were at first bewildered by the result, and have been trying ever since to explain it, but no two of them agree as to the meaning of their defeat. Orators and writers are all at complete variance about it. In the meantime large numbers of their newspapers in the West and North-West, which had revolted against the McKinley Bill even before its final passage, are urging the present Congress to make use of its short term of existence—it expires on the 4th of March next—either to repeal or to revise it in the direction of a reduction of duties and of additions to the free list. The same counsellors also demand imperatively the abandonment of the Force Bill—which is, you may remember, an attempt to give the Federal Government the control of Congressional elections, by the appointment of Federal supervisors. That Congress has the constitutional right to take these elections out of the hands of the State authorities and conduct them through Federal machinery is generally admitted. But Congress has never exercised this right during the whole century of national existence, and it would not be thought of now except for the assumption that if the Southern negroes received proper protection at the polls they would be able to elect several additional Republican members of Congress from that part of the country, and thus give the Republicans in the House a much-needed reinforcement.

This reinforcement, however, seemed much more worth striving for before the election than it does now. In the present Congress the Republicans had only a small and precarious majority of twelve or fourteen, which was what led to Speaker Reed's arbitrary mode of administering his office. If five or ten could have been added to his number by the aid of the negro vote at the South, it would have been extremely useful and convenient as things seemed last October. But the election has given the Democrats such an overwhelming majority, that no possible gains from the South would do the Republicans any good in the next Congress. Moreover, the Force Bill, if enacted, would of course have to apply to all States of the Union, South as well as North, and there is no State in the North in which both parties would not resent bitterly the withdrawal of the Federal elections from the State officers who have conducted them ever since the foundation of the Government. Consequently, taking everything together, the Republicans outside Congress see much to lose and nothing to gain by pressing the Bill, and are very anxious to have it dropped. There are some signs that their advice will be heeded. The Bill has been brought up again in the Senate, but is being pushed very languidly, and there are many indications that its supporters will not be surprised or greatly concerned if the Democrats "talk it out," for there is in the Senate neither the "previous question," nor any other form of closure.

The main difficulty in the way of dropping the Force Bill or repealing or revising the Tariff Bill lies partly in the *amour propre* of the present Republican majority in Congress, and partly in the doubt which they may well feel as to the effect which such confusion and blundering would have on the future of the party. It is all very well to submit meekly to the expression of the people's will, as their comforters are now advising them to do, but the question is whether the people would ever again trust a party capable, on its own admission, of making such a tremendous mistake. Candour in confessing its own errors and follies is not one of the qualities which puts or keeps a party in power. What may be fairly expected of this Congress between now and March next is, I think, the passage of the Appropriation Bills, which will take up all the time to be had between the close of the holidays and the end of February, and some rancorous recriminations over the McKinley Bill but no essential change in it. In fact, the Republicans are too much cowed either to confess their sins or try to atone for them. The greater number of them, including the gallant McKinley himself, have not been re-elected, and are probably glad to get out of the muddle with as little noise as possible.

Speaker Reed is only a shadow of his former self. His greatness was very brief and has vanished, and he is now filling the chair in a very quiet unobtrusive way, only anxious, I imagine, to have the past six months forgotten. His arbitrary, overbearing ways, in pushing the McKinley Bill through, have of course aggravated the effect of the Republican defeat, and the prospect of sitting in the next Congress as the leader of a small and dispirited minority, face to face with men whom he insulted and trampled on in the days of his power, is naturally very sobering. After the Maine election, in October, he really felt that he was the founder of a new parliamentary *régime*, had substituted "action" for deliberation in the House, and was going to suppress Democrats, Mugwumps, and Free Traders, for years to come, by the stern and unrelenting application of his new rules to all malcontents. Now none are so poor as to do him reverence, and those who most applauded his "vigour" are, as usual in such cases, most disgusted with him, and most eager to throw on him the blame of the disaster.

In the meantime, the Bill, following close on the financial depression caused by the failure of the Barings, is playing havoc with business. Not only has it already raised the price of nearly everything that people eat, drink, or wear, but it has created great uncertainty as to the future. One of the bits of consolation or apology which its promoters have been offering to the public is that it is too soon yet to know the exact effect it will have on trade and manufactures, that it will probably "take two years to understand it"; but to unfortunate dealers this is exactly what they complain of, that it has filled every branch of industry with complete uncertainty. Some of its supporters say it will raise prices permanently; others that it will raise them only for a short period, and that then they will fall. All look for some formidable attack on the Bill, and possibly its complete repeal, when the next Congress meets in

December, 1891. So that no matter which way a man turns or what his opinions are, no certainty meets his eye. Moreover, the permission given to keep goods imported before the Bill passed in bond until the 1st of February, before paying the duties on them, has been largely used, there will be very heavy payments to be made on this account to the Government at that date. In the present state of the money market this settlement is anticipated with alarm, for we are already in the midst of a commercial crisis. The heavy fall in stock has alarmed the banks and money-lenders. Loans are very difficult to obtain on any security, and merchants are already selling securities at any sacrifice in order to meet their engagements, and every day now brings news of a failure of greater or less importance. Things will probably be worse rather than better three months hence.

Where are the 6,000,000 dols. duties, coming to the Government in February, to come from? At that date, under the McKinley Bill, the goods must be withdrawn from the bonded warehouses. Why this date was fixed, why the importers were not left to withdraw them when they pleased, and as the state of the market prescribed, nobody knows accurately; but the popular opinion is that it was done to spite the importers and Mugwumps who opposed the Bill. The first date fixed was November 1st, but, as a concession to violent remonstrance, a four months' postponement was made.

The McKinley Bill and its operations are, however, by no means the only cloud on the money market. The fear of a free coinage of silver is another far more serious one, and the prospect of Democrat ascendency in Congress will not dissipate, for the Democrats are supposed to be even more unsound on the silver question than the Republicans. It would be impossible to explain in the limits of a letter like this how there comes to be a silver question. It must suffice to say that it is one of the natural results of the attempts which have been made ever since the war to regulate the currency by the popular vote, instead of leaving it, as in European countries, in the hands of experts. The attempt began with the issue of the greenbacks as legal tender—a tremendous blunder, the effects of which will not disappear in our time. The farmers and working men were, before the war was over, infected with the craze that the Government could give value to any kind of money, and that the smaller the intrinsic value of the circulating medium the better for the poor man, that the true money for him was "cheap money," while gold was the money of Wall Street speculators and gamblers and millionaires. When the victims of this craze could not secure an unlimited issue of legal tender paper, they fell back on silver as the next cheapest, and we have been threatened ever since 1878 with an unlimited coinage of silver and the consequent loss of the gold standard. In one way or another the country has been saved from it until now by various compromises with the silver men, the last being that with which you are familiar—the purchase and coinage of a certain small amount per month. They have, however, been growing in boldness ever since, the popular delusion being steadily bolstered up by the owners of the silver mines, some of whom are in the Senate, and it now looks as if there were danger, in the course of the next year, of free coinage of silver, which would, of course, drive gold out of the country, put us on a silver standard, and reduce the value of all debts by from thirteen to twenty per cent. at one fell swoop. It would, in short, mean a tremendous financial and commercial crash, such as the United States has never experienced.

I am myself not afraid of this, but can give no better reason for my confidence than the frequency with which the United States has escaped somewhat similar danger. At the last moment something always seems to turn up to give the State a revulsion of popular feeling or a clearing of the popular brain through discussion, or unexpected opposition in Congress, or a Presidential veto, or some delaying accident. But moneyed men naturally enough do not rely on these pieces of luck, and there is undoubtedly a good deal of hoarding of gold going on among them just now, as a means of precaution.

E. L. Godkin.

AFTER THE AUSTRALIAN STRIKE

Melbourne, November 1st, 1890.

THE strike is defeated, and its leaders, baffled, humiliated, and distrusted by their following, are able to solace themselves with the boast that they have thrown out the Gillies-Deakin Ministry. The story how this was done is not altogether a creditable one. When the strike first began, the Unions were jubilant, expecting to carry everything before them; and the community at large was in serious dread that there would be rioting and destruction of property, if not bloodshed. The Unionist leaders, though they intended to preserve perfect order among their own men, were not displeased to see the dangerous classes on the alert, and prepared to plunge the city in darkness, that the imaginations of quiet and well-to-do persons might be alarmed. At this point the Government interposed so energetically and so wisely as to maintain unbroken order in Victoria, while Sydney, Brisbane, and Adelaide have all been disgraced by scenes of riot and intimidation. Ministers here practically appealed to the great majority of the population against the mechanics and miners, who are the backbone of Unionism, and the response was overwhelming. For the most part, the Government was faultlessly neutral. The one exception was the Commissioner of Customs, Mr. Patterson, who paraded his anti-Union sentiments in an indiscreet and indefensible manner, but the Premier stated officially that Mr. Patterson only represented himself; and several of the Cabinet are understood to have sympathised with the objects, though they disliked the tactics of the Trades' Hall. Neither was the Government badly served by its employees. Only a single charge of violent language has been brought against one of them, Colonel Tom Price, and he has been absolutely acquitted by a court-martial. On the whole, the conduct of the Ministry was so successful during the time of trouble, that it seemed as if the general confidence they inspired would procure them a new lease of power.

The result has been to verify the Italian proverb, that when the danger is over we make fun of our patron saint. Three weeks ago it became certain that the Unionists were losing, and from that moment the Government ceased to be thought of as a necessity. Presently it began to be felt that an alliance with it was dangerous. Unionist emissaries approached members with the assurance that the Unionists would cast a solid vote at the next election against every supporter of Mr. Gillies. City members and mining members took fright; and while a few real partisans were detached in this way, a number more who were aspiring to office thought the opportunity a good one for a new shuffle of the cards. The arrangements were made hurriedly, as it was felt desirable to curtail the period of private negotiations for portfolios. Then a general vote of want of confidence was proposed and supported in a singularly short and weak speech by Mr. Munro, who seemed chiefly anxious to bring no specific charge that would be an excuse for debate, and to say nothing personal that might cause angry feeling. Ministers found it difficult to speak, where there was nothing to reply to, and only one member of the Opposition rose. The division was taken on the second night, and the Ministry, which had defeated three votes of want of confidence during the Session by majorities of fifteen or twenty, was defeated by twenty. Mr. Munro was a

little surprised at his own success; but two or three went over at the last moment, for fear a dissolution would be granted if the majority was small.

The general excuse of the members who deserted, and who are mostly Liberals, is that they thought the time had arrived for a compact Liberal Government in a House where Liberals outnumber Conservatives by nearly two to one. It is asserted that Mr. Munro pledged himself not to take more than one or at most two Conservative colleagues into his Cabinet. If he ever made this promise, which he denies, he has certainly set it aside unflinchingly, for six of his colleagues holding portfolios are Conservatives against three Liberals, and the latter are even more overweighted, if we look to ability and prestige. Accordingly, there is scarcely suppressed indignation in what the new Opposition calls "Rat's Corner"—the part of the House in which the deserters are congregated—and when the Ministry meets the House after the elections, there is likely to be a good deal of controversy about broken pledges. There will not, however, be any vote of want of confidence, as members are not anxious for a dissolution, especially as they are paid. On the country at large the effect of Mr. Munro's choice has been good. Business men generally prefer a Coalition Government, and the team is accepted as on the whole a strong one. That Mr. Munro himself will be as good a Premier, or even as good a financier, as Mr. Gillies, I do not believe. Nothing but sheer ability of a very rare kind has given Mr. Gillies his many years of office in spite of an ungenial manner, a contempt for all popular cries, and the sin of not being a moneyed man. Still, Mr. Munro's great difficulty will not be so much that he is compared with his predecessor, as that he is yoked with his Attorney-General. Mr. Shiels, who lately visited England to push through the Divorce Bill, is a man of high character, of a brilliant and elevated oratory, and of an unpopular idealism. He has openly combated the laws that restrain the immigration of Chinamen; he is suspected of a weakness for the Catholic claim to a separate educational endowment; and his resolute advocacy of women's rights has brought him into conflict with the clergy about the laws of divorce and legitimacy. It will be interesting to see how an able but rather commonplace Scotchman will contrive to work with a colleague, who will be dangerous in proportion as he is true to himself, and who is very unlikely to be false to himself. Besides Mr. Shiels, there is another strong man in the Ministry, Mr. Allan Maclean, who has made himself a power by his knowledge of farming matters, and whose speeches are models of clearness and concentration. Mr. John Duffy, a son of Sir Charles, is a popular man and a witty speaker, and will, I think, prove a fair administrator, while Sir F. Sargood, who takes the two portfolios of defence and education, may be trusted to give a good account of himself in almost anything he undertakes. These gentlemen are all Conservatives. Among the Liberals, Mr. Langridge, the Chief Secretary, is the only man from whom even ordinary work can be expected. He is of the type of successful mayors, and, unfortunately for himself, takes the place of the brilliant and versatile Mr. Deakin, one of whose merits was to do office-work well. Mr. Langridge can hardly score in any direction.

Mr. Munro is to announce the Ministerial policy this week at Geelong. He will probably take refuge in vague generalities about the necessity for limiting the expenditure, especially of loan money. Half his majority is composed of men who quarrelled with Mr. Gillies, because he submitted careful estimates, and wished to regulate railway construction. The fact is, we can finance for a year to come, but at the end of that time we shall certainly borrow, even on hard terms, sooner than renounce our policy of developing the country by iron roads. A policy of inaction would ruin the strongest Ministry. Mr. Munro will make a more popular point, if he attacks the present system of railway management. The manager we imported from England—Mr. Speight—took us all by storm at first, and has lately declined very much in popularity. The complaint most loudly made against him is that he does not take railway construction into his own hands, and insist that only payable lines shall be made; or, at least, furnish the country with material for condemning unsuitable lines. The complaint is, to some extent, just; but it must be added, that no Railway Commissioner could convince a caucus of log-rolling members that he knew their districts better than they, and Parliament has always reserved the policy of railway extension to itself, though it has handed administration over to a board. A more serious, because a more well-founded, charge against Mr. Speight, is that in his desire to be popular, he has not enforced discipline among his employees, so that railway officials are now the most unmannerly class in the country. It is likely, I think, that Mr. Munro will refuse to grant Mr. Speight an augmentation of salary which Mr. Gillies promised, and that Mr. Speight will accordingly resign at the end of his term. It will be difficult to replace him by a man of such high and peculiar qualifications as the place seems to need. To be as strict as Cato, as good an organiser as Carnot, and as popular as Sheridan, is not given to every man.

The most real difficulty Mr. Munro has before him is the maintenance of the Education Act. Since 1872 we have had education, free, secular, and compulsory, to the great satisfaction of every one except the clergy of all denominations and the more bigoted of their adherents. At first only Catholics offered any real opposition. Gradually the clergy have discovered that in being shut out from the schools they have sustained an incalculable loss of influence, and they are accordingly moving heaven and earth to get religious teaching re-established. Shifty and unscrupulous, like their brethren in Europe, these gentlemen habitually dangle several widely different plans before the constituencies, so that any unpopular article may be disclaimed as not of the programme. What the most moderate agree in demanding at present is Bible teaching without note or comment by the regular school staff, most of whom are strong Secularists. Behind this is a demand that the clergy may visit the schools at any hour they like, and draft children of their own persuasion into theological classes. As even this concession would not satisfy the Catholic Church, it is certain that if as much as this be granted, the Catholics will claim and ultimately obtain a separate grant for denominational schools. There will, however, be a good deal of fighting before the people of Victoria yield this last point. Meanwhile, Mr. Munro, supposed to be at heart a Secularist, is said to have given some pledges to the Bible in State Schools League, which that body will assuredly call upon him to redeem. If he refuses, he risks his seat, the clergy being strong in Geelong; if he consents, he signs the death-warrant of his Ministry. He will probably temporise, and say that the matter must be remitted to the constituencies at the election of 1892.

The Unionists are going back to work on any terms. Their leaders have been short-sighted and violent, and it is well that the strike was beaten; but the employers have shown themselves high-handed and implacable, and the social war is accordingly not terminated by this defeat. What has surprised most of us has been to find that there was so great a reserve of unemployed and fairly reliable labour in Melbourne. Until the Unions abolish their heavy entrance fees, these uncovenanted outsiders are bound to increase and multiply, and will make effectual combination among the Unionists impossible. We want some clear-sighted democratic leader to convince the Unions that it is just as wrong for the majority of artisans to monopolise the labour-market, as for employers to combine and reduce wages.

WHY SHOULD MISS NELLIE READ?

I OUGHT, I suppose," Miss Nellie said, with a sigh (I had taken her in to dinner), "to talk to you about books."

"But why?" I asked.

"Because you are an author, Mr. Anon; at least so Mrs. Golightly told me. Oh, how rude I am!" Miss Nellie added, with the prettiest gesture of distress. "I should have——"

"You should have asked Mrs. Golightly the names of my books," I suggested, "so that you could tell me which one charmed you most."

"But I did ask her," Miss Nellie said, earnestly, "and she could not tell me. There! I should not have said that either. Oh! Mr. Anon, what can you think of me?"

"I think you are delightful, Miss Nellie," I replied, gravely.

"Then you don't mind my saying that I never read books except under compulsion?"

It is nice to be asked by a pretty maiden, especially when, like me, you are a bachelor through no fault of your own, if you will allow her to be so and so; and I answered at once, with an air of proprietorship, "Not a bit. But what do you really like, Miss Nellie?"

She glanced up the table and down the table and across the table, and then she *whispered* to me, "Bonbons, and a good talk, and dancing, and—and men!" (She is very young, only nineteen or twenty, a mere child, and it does not matter a jot what you think. *I* liked it).

With great presence of mind, I refrained from saying impulsively, "Miss Nellie, you are a dear!" and she continued, apprehensively—

"I wish I had not said that. It sounds dreadful."

"I think it is simply glorious," I answered, conscientiously, and for the rest of the dinner not another word was said about literature. Just before the ladies retired, however, Miss Nellie again glanced round the table, and then said, softly, as if to her plate, "Mr. Anon, you will not tell papa or mamma or anyone that I hate books? I have kept it from everybody except you. It is such bad form."

I gave Miss Nellie my word that wild horses should not drag her secret from me, and she looked so grateful that I almost accompanied the ladies to the drawing-room.

The men were now left alone to eat nuts; and while they munched I thought about Miss Nellie, and what a shame it was that she should have to pretend to like reading when she loathed it; and several times I resolved to ask her a question presently that might change the tenor of my life.

Why should Miss Nellie read? (That was not the question.) I remembered the hundred reasons given by the gentlemen who write on the subject in magazines. For instance, reading makes a full man, and also, it may be presumed, a full woman. But does it? Besides, who wants a woman to be full? They are much nicer when half empty. The magazine writers would admit this over a pipe, and if they knew Miss Nellie they would see that she fills up the empty spaces with various little things that are characteristic of herself. They are her own, or, as she would say (this is one of them), her very own. If Miss Nellie read till her eyes had ceased to sparkle and she was a full woman, she would not say "very own." "Very own" is absurd. Still, I like it. It suits Miss Nellie, and goes well with her mouth. I cannot say honestly that I should be pleased to see Miss Nellie drop "very own," and insert the Contemporary Science Series in its place. Miss Nellie's holding space is limited, and I refuse to let more in until I know what has to make room for it. I will not have her tightly packed, with all the books on the top.

The thoughtful writers may speak again. Books, they say, are the best friends. Henry may quarrel with us about a wretched five-pound note (which he wants back), William is becoming wearisome with his eternal talk of the sparrow that built in the sleeve of his discarded coat (he wrote to the papers about it), Peter only drops in of an evening to smoke your cigars (and complain of them for being Manillas). How delightful to shut the door on these bores, slip into your dressing-gown, and spend the evening with a good book. So the writers (who are paid for it) say; and I pass the fact (guaranteed me by a London correspondent, whose name I am not at liberty to disclose) that when they buy it themselves they invariably fall asleep. I make no capital of that, because I can smash this argument without it. There never yet was a healthy-minded man who did not gladly lay aside his book when his wife entered with the news that the brokers were in the next house. Who bothers with books when he has a chance of discussing that? If the neighbour is a friend, so much the longer the gossip. I am a reader of books, for I correct my own proofs; but will anyone pretend that they can be to me what Miss Nellie, whom I have only known for two hours, is? Would I let other people eat all the nuts while I was reflecting about, say, Herbert Spencer's "Sociology?" I question if there is a man in the dining-room who would give a nut to-night for the complete works of Carlyle. But how many nuts is not Miss Nellie worth? In other words, why should Miss Nellie read?

She should read, I am told by a man whose wife's eye is on him, because books will influence her. Books make the character. Books have been written to prove this, and authors have maintained in them that the turning-point in their life was when they picked up "Vanity Fair" or Macaulay's "Essays." Such things do authors say in their enthusiasm when the boy is shouting for copy. Of course we all know that books influence us very little. They have made Eccles stupid, and ruined Lyle's business capacity, and McKinnell, who used to talk sensibly, is now afraid to speak unless he can introduce a quotation. But books never influenced them as they were influenced by the fall in stocks (if stocks fall) or by the umbrella under which they and Miss Emily walked home together. I have read more books by friends, from whom I thought it my duty to borrow them, than would sink a ship, but I can remember the names of scarcely any of them. They never influenced me as Lyle's champagne has done. They never filled me with such elevated thoughts as come with McKinnell's cabanas. Miss Nellie has given me more pleasure to-night than I can get from books. If that is so, why should Miss Nellie read? She does not like books. As an author, I should weary her. As a man, I am obviously the kind she dotes on. I have influenced her to-night.

I shudder to think of Miss Nellie reading the reviews as a short cut to being able to say the proper thing. That is what her papa does. I hope she will never be in a position to boast of having read Browning "right through," like her mamma. It will be a blow to me if she discovers what a "stylist" is. Her way of clapping her hands impulsively is not to be exchanged for a knowledge of the "Constitution of Parties," and she could not drop her head so prettily if weight inside had to do it. Books may be all very well, but Miss Nellie's eyes are more remarkable; and her "oh, fancy!" about nothing is better English than Mr. Ruskin's; and when she asks, pleadingly, "Why should I read?" there is——

Then they turned on me, saying I had eaten all the nuts; so we adjourned to the drawing-room, where I was to ask the strange question. Unfortunately, however, it had been a big dinner-party, and we found the ladies mixed up, and so many of them, as is always the way at these entertainments, were young and beautiful, that, for the life of me, I could not decide which was Miss Nellie. I walked home sadly and alone.

Hallo! this is a romance.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

GAS DIRECT FROM THE MINES.

DEAR SIR,—Having read with interest the letter of Hon. R. Russell on the abatement of the smoke nuisance, and having experienced the difference in Pittsburg, U.S.A., since natural gas was introduced there, I beg leave to submit the following suggestion.

In the United States natural gas is already piped fifty or sixty miles, and it has been proposed to pipe it 250 miles or more to the seaboard. Fetching the crude coal to London by rail involves using a car that often weighs as much or more than its load, the car having to be hauled back empty. The coal then has to be hauled to the house, carried to the cellar, carried up to the fires, and finally, the ashes carried away, and the soot and dirt created in the room cleared up. As a matter of fact, we consume our coal at great loss, by first heating it in the grate and then burning the gas it evolves.

As I sit by a glowing gas fire, I imagine that—

1st. The gas consumed in London is immensely enhanced in cost by the transportation of the raw coal to the gas works in the city.

2nd. That a very cheap *heat* gas could be produced from coal.

3rd. That gas could be manufactured *at the mines* (the nearest of which are about 110 miles from London) and piped to the City with great economy and at a great reduction from present rates.

4th. That the towns and dwellers along the route between the mines and London would take a liberal supply also.

There may be some practical difficulties to be overcome, such as forcing or sucking gas long distances, leakage of the pipes, etc., but these do not seem insuperable nor even very great.

The cost of the plant, in pipes, may be large, but the economy would seem to be so great as to recoup that.—Respectfully,

HORACE J. SMITH.

44, Grosvenor Road, London.

"MAGGIE IN MYTHICA."

SIR,—I am sure I have no desire to impugn your reviewer's sound judgment in the matter of fairy tales, but what am I to think?

In his notice of my story, "Maggie in Mythica," in your issue of the 22nd inst., he says, "he would be more indulgent if he had some assurance that the *offence* would not be repeated."

What offence? That of writing this fairy tale? Why, I have had already twenty-four notices of it all praising it more or less highly, and especially lauding it on the ground that *children* will be delighted with it!

Some of these laudatory reviews come from such papers as the *Globe*, *The Graphic*, the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Scotsman*, the *Newcastle Chronicle*, the *Manchester Guardian*, etc., etc. About a dozen reviewers have expressly termed it a "charming fairy tale;" others call it quaint and humorous, and praise the rhymes inserted in it.

Your reviewer was silent as to the rhymes, and the illustrations, which even the *Spectator* praised. Indeed, I've only had four or five adverse notices out of twenty-eight!

Did I think your reviewer was right, I would not offend again; but what am I to think?—Truly yours,

F. B. DOVETON.

Glencroft, Exeter, November 26th.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,
Friday, December 26th, 1890.

TO-DAY I have been working off a number of replies to Christmas correspondents. Mr. Gladstone, it is reported, receives six hundred letters a day. I do not. Nevertheless, the amount of advice, remonstrance, and inquiry which even an obscure author has to acknowledge is considerable, and, had I a reasoned confidence in the durability of any but my posthumous fame, it would be politic to compound with the postman for future Christmas-boxes. Let me hasten to add that to give oneself airs because of these communications would be absurd. Most of them are petulant; some, frankly contemptuous; and one (from a Rectory) even minatory. Still it is worth while to note a decided change of tone this year.

The newspapers are the cause. They have put it about that the American House of Representatives has passed a Copyright Bill which will confer all the responsibilities of opulence on the British author, and send the British publisher to the workhouse. One correspondent (female) wishes to know with what emotions I intend to regard this turn of the wheel. I thought at first of sending her the following *Chorus of Authors*, from one of Lamb's letters:—

> "What should we when Publishers break?
> We should rejoice.
> *Da Capo.*"

But in the first place this is hardly a Yule-tide sentiment; and further, you can never be sure about these correspondents. "Suppose she took the answer off to my own publishers," I thought. It seemed better to reply in terms of wide benevolence:—

"Dear Madam,—With regard to the prosperity which you anticipate for me, I will do myself the justice to confess that it will probably be enjoyed with moderation. The sufferings of brother-authors in the past have never embittered me against publishers; and your remark about their 'kicking the beam in the scales of tardy justice'—an allusion, I presume, to capital punishment—strikes me as inharmonious with the right understanding of Christmas and its lessons. Moreover, I am opposed, on principle, to the death-penalty. Your indignation, too, with 'A. B.' for talking, in last week's *Causerie*, of 'the amusing old Grub Street tradition,' is a little unreflecting. 'A. B.' is a gentleman who, as far as I know, has never been hungry. Some acquaintance with hunger is necessary before one can consider the lives of Savage and certain of his fellows in any but an amusing light. The story, also, of that author who was driven to set traps on his window-ledge and catch sparrows, to cook and eat, is pathetic or funny according to the hearer's experience. And, after all, it was 'A. B.', or somebody with his initials, who said, the other day, that a man was a fop who cared more for poetry than for the poor-laws. . . ."

This brings me to Letter 2, written in answer to a merchant who wished to consult me about his son's future. The boy was clever and had a strong bent towards literary work:—"Dear Sir,—You are right in supposing that, in consequence of the new Copyright Act, a literary career will probably lead your son to the acquisition of enormous wealth. Whether that wealth will be 'beyond the dreams of avarice'—to use your phrase—depends entirely on whose avarice you had in mind at the moment of writing. You are wholly wrong, however, in believing that I commend the new Bill, or would countenance your son's embracing a profession which I hold to be despicable, at least as practised in the present day. Your son is never so happy as when poring over a book? Then in heaven's name turn him out and lock the front door on him. He may chance to pick up something real in the open air. His ardent wish is to become a novelist? You think perhaps he is qualifying himself to describe life by reading other men's paraphrases of yet other men's descriptions. And, if so, what line will he follow? The English, which we know? The American?—summed up by Walt Whitman as the history of "dyspeptic amours with dyspeptic women"? Or "the sly settee and the adulterous, unwholesome couple" of the modern French novel? Believe me, sir, all our writers are like the men in Plato's Cave, beholding but the shadows of shadows, and describing these. And would you allow a young man of good parts, who might be hedging and ditching . . . ."

The letter continues in a strain altogether too serious. Nos. 3, 4, and 5 complied with requests for

my autograph. It seems to me that the one way in which an average author may justify his existence is to learn to write a pleasing hand, and send around autographs. The practice of sending autographs to all who ask for them is not only amiable in itself; it is unpaid, and keeps up the "amusing old Grub Street tradition" that a writer should be the unrequited benefactor of his species. Nobody would dream of walking into a tobacconist's shop and asking for a cigar in order to have something to remind him of the proprietor. Here we have the difference between a gentlemanly calling and mere trade.

Most autograph-hunters emphasise this difference by writing from the United States; which means that you pay twopence-halfpenny for the transmission of your reply—a sum which you cheerfully disburse for the pleasure of finding your calling so well understood. American authors will tell you that such correspondents annoy by their mere numbers. Mark Twain is even reported to perpetrate the cruel joke of responding in a type-written circular, and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes in his new volume, "Over the Teacups," had drawn up a series of sarcastic answers to these good people. But I will say this for the American autograph-hunter,—he is invariably polite. One, last week, went so far as to tell me I was at liberty to make any use I pleased of his communication.

No. 6 was addressed to one who erroneously imagined me an old school-friend of his, and sent me a letter bubbling over with mysteriously jocular allusions. Nos. 7 to 11 answered begging correspondents who had heard of the Copyright Bill. I had to plead stinginess in these cases, as poverty was out of the question. In No. 12 I declined a proposal of marriage from a gentleman who mistook the sex concealed by my *nom-de-plume*. I told him it could never be, but hoped we could be friends, all the same. No. 13 enclosed some album-verses.

The verses shall not be copied here. They were, of course, an imitation of another man's manner of expressing a sentiment which he, in his turn, had borrowed. But attention should be drawn to the fact that the young woman *fin de siècle* has a tendency to revert to the custom of her grandmothers and keep an album. It illumines the hollow of that French phrase which has been so popular of late. If an album be not *fin de siècle*, what is? Why, even Lamb, when requesting Barry Cornwall for a set of verses, writes: "We are in the last ages of the world, when St. Paul prophesied that women should be 'headstrong, lovers of their own wills, having albums.'" And that was eighty years ago.

The sagacious reader will observe, from the quotations used, that I have been reading Lamb's Letters. It is true, and the occasion was the same which has suggested this bilious *Causerie*. A clergyman has been persecuting me with letters of late to explain that he dislikes what he is pleased to call the "tone" of my writings. Well, I have sat under at least twenty clergymen whose "tone" I disliked, without troubling them with amateur criticism. But chancing to remember that Lamb once had a sonnet rejected on the ground of indelicacy, I was curious to know how that best judge of delicacy and best-tempered of men resented the imputation; and turned over his correspondence till I came to the passage in a letter to Procter. Here it is:—"I have no conjecture what the present world calls delicacy. . . . I have lived to grow into an indecent character. When my sonnet was rejected, I exclaimed 'D—n the age! I will write for Antiquity.'"

C.

REVIEWS.

LORD MELBOURNE.

LORD MELBOURNE. By Henry Dunckley, M.A., LL.D. (The Queen's Prime Ministers Series.) London. Sampson Low & Co. 1890.

DURING the last dozen years our knowledge of Lord Melbourne has been largely increased by successive publications. Mr. Torrens' well-known volumes obtained a wide circulation; Mr. Sanders, in editing the Melbourne papers, had access to original and valuable material; while, of the many admirable portraits in the Greville Memoirs, none is more lifelike than that of Lord Melbourne. The time was, therefore, ripe for preparing a more concise account of a considerable career; and the task could not have fallen into more competent hands than those of Mr. Dunckley. Few writers have displayed so discriminating a judgment upon the proper relations between the Crown and the Cabinet, which Lord Melbourne did so much to establish on their present basis. This memoir affords ample evidence that Mr. Dunckley's historical knowledge is accurate; his sketches of the persons with whom his hero was brought into contact are clear and full, while, with the somewhat remarkable exception that, in the chapter headed "Regius Professor," he has not mentioned Dr. Hampden's appointment and the controversy to which it gave rise, his account of Lord Melbourne's career is comprehensive and complete. Some persons will also think it a merit in the little book that its author has, to a large extent, suppressed his own opinions. Most writers are, indeed, wise in allowing their facts to speak for themselves. But Mr. Dunckley is no ordinary writer, and we confess that we should have been glad if he had made some attempt to deliver his verdict on Lord Melbourne's administration and career. We rise from reading the book without any certainty whether "Verax" is prepared to condemn or defend his hero.

Lord Melbourne was born in 1779; he died, in the seventieth year of his age, in 1848. He sat in Parliament from 1805 to 1812, and from 1816 to 1826. But the only portion of his career with which history will occupy itself commenced in 1827, and concluded in 1841. In 1827 he held office for a comparatively short period as Chief Secretary for Ireland; in 1830 he accepted the seals of the Home Office; in 1834 he succeeded to the post of Prime Minister, which, with a brief interval, he held till the rout of the Whig party at the general election of 1841. In one sense he owed much to fortune. The death of his elder brother saved him from the drudgery of the Bar: that of his father, in 1828, removed him from the House of Commons to what was, for his temperament, the more congenial atmosphere of the House of Lords: while his parents' rank, wealth, and social qualities, introduced him early in life to all that was eminent in politics and society. In another sense, he might have envied the lot of poorer and obscurer men. His father (for we decline to speculate on the gossip which Mr. Greville asserted to be well founded, but which Mr. Dunckley merely mentions) had fixed his hopes and his affections on his elder brother. His mother, whose ambition succeeded in wasting a large fortune, introduced him to "an incessant round of frivolous dissipation." His wife, whose name occupies so large a space in the history of scandal, brought him little but disquietude; and his only child faded away, the victim of "a constitutional ailment which showed itself in an infirmity of the intellect that lasted through life." Lord Melbourne's character was insensibly moulded by the surroundings of his early life. His letters to his mother as a young man, some of which are quoted by Mr. Dunckley, constantly contain oaths and phrases which, however excusable in youth, are unnatural in a son's correspondence with his mother. His maxims, scattered through Mr. Sanders' pages, upon life, upon marriage, upon debts, display a cynical indifference to opinion. His wife complained that

"he never treated her seriously." What he was as son and husband, he proved as Minister. The Oriental precept, "When you are in doubt whether an action is good or bad, abstain from it," was raised by him into a policy. The eternal question, "Cannot you leave it alone?" disposed of every project of reform or improvement; while the reflection that "Nobody ever did anything very foolish except from strong principle," seemed to make those reforms which justice the most required the most inexpedient.

The vices of such a policy were less visible when Lord Melbourne was Home Secretary than when he was at the Irish Office and the Treasury. As Home Secretary he was serving under a Prime Minister who never sacrificed principle to expediency, and who was pushed forward by the movement which had carried the Reform Bill. "Swing," moreover, was burning ricks and breaking machinery; terrified country gentlemen were calling for measures of repression; and a Minister who made it a rule of conduct to leave things alone, was, at any rate, reluctant to repeat the policy of the Six Acts. But the inherent vice in the Minister's policy was visible enough during his tenure of the Irish Office. In a famous letter, to which Mr. Dunckley alludes, he met Lord Lansdowne's proposals for Reform with his customary plea. One Bill is "under consideration;" another is full of difficulty; one subject requires attention, but not, "it would seem," of himself; with another "it would no doubt be highly beneficial" to deal, but it "had better perhaps be let alone."

The faults which Lord Melbourne displayed as Irish Secretary were, of course, still more visible when he became Prime Minister. Mr. Dunckley, indeed, pleads that "his administration was one of the longest of the century, that it had passed many useful measures, and had been more successful in dealing with Ireland than any Administration before or since." And we do not ourselves forget that we owe to his Ministry, Corporation Reform, Cheap Postage, the foundations of our educational system, and the proposal of the first reasonable Corn Law. But the first of these measures was a legacy from the preceding Government, the second was exacted from the Minister as the price of Radical support; the third was disliked by Lord Melbourne; and the fourth was adopted with so little reflection that, when he agreed to it, "he shouted to his colleagues from the top of the staircase, 'Stop a bit; is it to lower the price of bread, or isn't it? It doesn't much matter which, but we must all say the same thing.'" Add to this that his Ministry was founded on the principle of the Appropriation Clause, and that the Appropriation Clause was coolly abandoned, and we cease to be surprised that the Liberal party should have suffered disruption and defeat under his presidency.

But, though in Lord Melbourne's conduct as Minister of a great country, and leader of a great party, we see little that we can approve, we cannot forget that in his conduct towards the Queen there is nothing to condemn. It was a singular chance which made a man of Lord Melbourne's temperament the adviser of a young girl on her accession to the first throne in the world. But it is no undue praise to say that the most exemplary of statesmen could not have discharged his duty more wisely or more usefully. Never leaving her for a single day, smoothing all that was difficult, explaining all that was hard, Lord Melbourne was, at once, the Queen's Minister, private secretary, and friend. In her company he put such restraint upon himself that "in the Queen's presence he took care to speak only the Queen's English." And we even yet hardly know how much we are indebted to his counsels for the fact that a reign, which was destined to be extended almost beyond precedent, should have been memorable beyond example for the constitutional conduct of the Sovereign. When we think of these things, we are disposed to abstain from unqualified censure, and to say of Lord Melbourne as Carlyle said of Calonne: "Worse men there have been, and better: but to thee also was allotted a task: . . . and thou hast done it."

THEOLOGY, GERMAN AND ENGLISH.

The Development of Theology since Kant, and its Progress in Great Britain since 1825. By Otto Pfleiderer, D.D., Professor of Theology in the University of Berlin. Translated under the author's supervision by J. Frederick Smith. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1890.

We hoped great things from this book. We were anxious to see both German and English theology through Professor Pfleiderer's eyes; and no less anxious that the English mind, never more curious and open to theology than now, should become acquainted—as it were, at first hand—with the larger thought and freer criticism of Germany. And for this work no man seemed better qualified, or more adequately equipped, than Pfleiderer. He knows us—our limitations, our defects, the peculiar aversion of our insular mind to foreign ideas, especially in the region of theology; this, indeed, being the second work he has expressly written for the instruction of English ignorance. He knows his own field as cultivated by his own people; he has made his mark both as a historian of thought and a Biblical theologian and critic. His "Philosophy of Religion," especially where it treats of the history of the philosophy, is, on the whole, the best book on the subject. His works on "Paulinism" and "Primitive Christianity" are distinguished by freshness, insight, skilful analysis, and lucid combinations. If in order to be a critic a man must fail in literature, then Pfleiderer could hardly hope to succeed when he essayed a work like this; at any rate, what he has achieved can hardly be described as a success. The book has indeed all its author's well-known characteristics; it is weighty, full of penetrating criticism, careful analysis, and skilful exposition. But it is in many respects a disappointing book. The need that before existed for a work on this subject, exists still; it must be dealt with on a larger scale, and with an ampler *apparatus criticus*, to be dealt with at all. This book might, even within its own limits, have been either a history of German theology since Kant, written by a German professor for the English people; or a history of theology in England since 1824, written expressly that we might see ourselves as we look to the eyes of a scientific German theologian. But neither of these things has been done; the part that relates to Germany is inadequate for its purpose; the part that relates to England, in spite of evident effort to the contrary, is perfunctory and incomplete.

Dr. Pfleiderer entitles his book, not "The History," but "The Development of Theology," etc. The broader name would surely have been the better; history is but an exhibition of the process of development and its results. Theology is too rich and complex a science to develop along any one line; in the very attempts at reaction or retrogression new forces are evoked that become factors in new developments. As a result, a history would have been truer at once to the facts and the science, and would have made our author more just to his own purpose. He would have enabled us to understand better theology, not simply as it was in the days of Kant and Herder, Hegel and Schleiermacher, Baur and Rothe, but as it is to-day, when it is, though much less *à priori* and speculative, yet more scientific and, in the strict historical sense, critical than it ever was under the Tübingen School. And what is more extraordinary is that there is no adequate exposition of the principles and works of this later criticism. Thus, only three sentences are given to Holsten; but though "a strict adherent of Baur," yet surely his singularly acute analysis of Paul's psychology in relation to the Pauline theology has been one of the most fruitful of new standpoints for the constructive criticism of the New Testament.

The significance of Lipsius for dogmatic theology is very well indicated, but surely his works on the Petrine tradition, on the Papal Lists, on Gnosticism, on the Apostolic Legends, as well as various patristic questions, give him still more significance for the history of the primitive Church and its thought. The School of Ritschl, too, on its historical side, has scant justice done to it. Harnack is dismissed in a few sentences, and reference is made to nothing save his "Dogmengeschichte," though certainly his work in the "Texte und Untersuchungen," to speak of nothing else, claimed some recognition. Schürer, though the author of, perhaps, the most indispensable book for the student of the Apostolic period written in our day, is not even named. Möller, whose "Kosmologie" and "Geschichte" are both fine examples of the later historical method, is also passed by. Of course, one does not expect a book like this to be a bibliography, nor is it as a bibliography that we are criticising it; but it deals with the development of theology, and the latest historical school as the last development claimed careful and explicit presentation. It is not a reaction against Tübingen, nor is it tainted by the unholy heresy, called the Apologetical Spirit, which Tübingen invariably placed under ban; but it is simply an historical school penetrated through and through with the modern scientific spirit which studies alike organism and environment, watches the behaviour of the organism and the action of the environment, tracing by means of literature, custom, and institution the evolutional process and result.

But the limitations implied in the term "development," as distinguished from "history," involve more serious consequences still. In each of the departments some of the most eminent names are omitted, and the more learned and even liberal Catholicism is totally unrepresented. Nothing is said of Döllinger or his contributions to Church history—primitive, mediæval, or modern; nothing is said of Möhler, save that he wrote a book to which Baur replied. Nothing is said of Günther, Staudenmaier, or any of the representatives of the Catholic revival. Yet they belong to the history of Germany, and even German Protestant theology. Without Göttingen and Berlin these men could not have been the thinkers and scholars they were; and they represent an effort to naturalise the Protestant philosophical and historical spirit in the Catholic Church, with such results as Döllinger survived to illustrate. Then, Rothe's significance as a speculative theologian is duly recognised, but not his quite equal work and eminence as an historical critic: indeed, his "Anfänge der Christlichen Kirche" and his "Vorlesungen" have exercised at once a wider and a deeper influence than the "Theologische Ethik." Tholuck was surely too active and familiar, and even influential, a figure in the fruitful years that lie between 1820 and 1870 to be altogether dropped out; while Bleek had enough of the scientific spirit, and made contributions to theology considerable enough, to entitle him to more than a passing mention. But more, German theology is too big a thing to have its achievements confined within the limits of Germany; its history cannot be written, or its development traced, without following it into other countries and watching its action there. The theological movement of this century has been growing more and more cosmopolitan, less and less provincial and national. Holland is full of interest to the student; our view of modern tendencies is incomplete unless it includes the *Ethische* and the *Moderne Richting*. Scholten is almost as noteworthy in dogmatic as Kuenen in Old Testament criticism; while Rauwenhoff in the philosophy of religion, and Tiele, Dozy, and Kern, in its history, have done work which calls for grateful recognition. France, too, must not be overlooked; a book which deals with the development of theology, yet has no place under either the New Testament or ecclesiastical history for Renan, save in a brief note on the "Vie de Jésus," has surely been written under limitations that go far towards spoiling its usefulness. In short, the history of Theology is European; to attempt to make it less is to convey a false idea of its varied activities and rich developments.

The books that treat of philosophy and dogmatic theology are distinctly the best. Here Dr. Pfleiderer was on ground made familiar by his earlier work, and he moves over it with the easy step of a master. Here and there are easily corrected oversights. Locke, Berkeley, and Hume are said to have pronounced "the reference of phænomena to a trans-subjective reality a supposition incapable of proof." If "trans-subjective reality" can be understood of God, it certainly does not state the truth as to Berkeley. On p. 288, an excellent outline of Baur's positions in the first volume of his Church History is thus introduced:—"It may be of some interest to those who do not read German, and have not direct access to this work," etc. But the work is translated; it shares with Dr. Pfleiderer's "Paulinism" the honour of a place in the Theological Translation Fund Library.

We are least satisfied with Book IV., which deals with theology in Great Britain. It was a pity it was touched at all if it was meant to be touched so slightly. Pfleiderer has evidently worked most conscientiously at his subject. He says many incisive, many true, many wise, and many needed things about us. There is a refreshing directness and thoroughness about many of his judgments; he is delightfully without the lunar light under which a certain class of Englishmen love to view their heroes. This of Hurrell Froude is characteristic: from his "Remains" "one gets the impression of a man not of great natural capacity, but of loose and neglected mind, who was greatly lacking both in moral strength and solid learning; a man who loved to indulge in paradoxes, which aimed at being clear and profound, but were often meaningless, and who from his limited aristocratic Anglican standpoint, passed sentence upon everything beyond it with the greater arrogance in proportion to his ignorance" (page 357). Again, "in Keble's mind profound personal piety was so exclusively associated with the forms of Anglican doctrines and ceremonies, that he could not conceive Christianity or religion at all, apart from the Anglican system" (page 356). Again, as to Newman, "if the appearance of ambiguity and want of sincerity sometimes arises, it is not from the slightest wish to conceal anything from others, but because the writer is not clear in his own mind, and is trying to hold perforce what is untenable, and to conceal from himself consequences that are inevitable" (p. 362). But the defects of the sketch are obvious; it wants atmosphere and background; the author has not thought himself into the English point of view, though he has laboured strenuously to do it. He knows nothing of the part played by German theology at the beginning of the Anglican revival; of Pusey's remarkable vindication, one may almost say, of it against Hugh James Rose—a vindication made the more remarkable by being the mind of Tholuck, though the voice was Pusey's. Francis Newman's "Phases of Faith," "Soul,' and "Theism" are noticed, but his "Hebrew Monarchy" forgotten. Erskine, of Linlathen, and John Macleod Campbell are well named "sources of the characteristic points of Maurice's teaching"; but Campbell's earlier works are passed over in silence, "The Atonement" alone being mentioned; while his and Erskine's peculiar significance for Scotland is not perceived. These are inevitable oversights in what was meant to be little more than an appendix to the larger work. Inadequate though it be, the sketch contains many suggestive reflections and illuminative criticisms. It would be a real service to us were a scientific theologian like Dr. Pfleiderer to hold up the mirror to our insular pride and prejudice, and force us to see what a small portion of the field of truth we have cultivated, and how backward our cultivation is. If his present scale is inadequate, his work is good enough to entitle him to our cordial gratitude.

THEIR IRISH.

WANNETA, THE SIOUX. By Warren K. Moorehead. London: Chapman & Hall. 1891.

"EVERY country has the Ireland it deserves," and the United States, not without deserving it, has the Red Indians. Mr. Moorehead's Red Indian romance, "Wanneta, the Sioux," may be called an historical novel, illustrating the Indian problem; and it appears opportunely. Very few Englishmen know much about the old heroes of Cooper, as they struggle for a modern existence, and Mr. Moorehead's book is quite as instructive as amusing. A Sioux girl, Wanneta, after three years of pious "school-marms" in the Eastern States, returns to her people just in time to waltz at a buffalo dance, and to fall in love with Strong-Heart, son of Rain-in-the-Face, a gallant and muscular, but, to judge by his portrait, not a beautiful young man. Wanneta and Strong-Heart go sentimentalising into the Bad-Lands, and are cut off by a party of Crows. In a highly laudable fight Strong-Heart defeats the Crows, but is wounded. Wanneta nurses him, and gets rid of a rival practitioner, her grandfather, the tribal medicine-man. This old gentleman's practice is merely to make an appalling noise in his patient's hut, for the purpose of banishing the bad spirits. Jealous of Wanneta's superior skill in physic, he gets a young warrior to court her by flute-playing. He also sets up the power of the Church, in his own person, against that of the State, vested in the Chief, Rain-in-the-Face. Worsted here, he and Wanneta's unsuccessful swain lead a set of Crows to destroy the women and children of the Sioux while the braves are away hunting. By a series of lucky accidents the heroine and Strong-Heart, with the rest, are sheltered at the Agency, and the Sioux return in time to rescue them just as the buildings of the Agency have been set on fire. The Sioux get the blame of this; their reservation is entered by white gold-diggers, and a young Sioux shoots a white man in self-defence. A body of the United States army enters the Sioux Lands—Rain-in-the-Face is treacherously caught and imprisoned by the younger Custer. Wanneta manages to help him out of prison, and, by her wisdom, a short-lived peace is patched up. Here the novel ends, but not before the old medicine-man has been tortured to death, in a passage full of loathsome details of physical agony. No wise uncle, we fear, can give this book to his nephew, still less can he give it to his niece, while Wa-da-ha is roasted to cinders in this too naturalistic fashion. There is nothing more odious in "Salammbo." For the rest, the book is "honest Injun," and by no means bad nor uninstructive reading. The Sioux, Crows, and so forth, are the native Irish of the States, and in a condition as alien to American as the Irish of Spenser's time were to English civilisation. Indeed, the difference is really much wider: the race, the ideas, the language, the religion are far more absolutely disparate. The Irish were, in many ways, what the Celtic Highlanders were: their tribal system, their tribal laws more than anything else, divided them from English sympathy and intelligence. The Indians belong to a sturdy race utterly and absolutely unlike that of any European people; their culture, what there is of it, is truly conservative and immobile; it stereotypes the hunting life, it almost wholly neglects agriculture, it makes war a daily business; while their religion and magic set a premium on invincible ignorance. The European invaders, by seizing the lands, have made the only life which the Sioux will live an absolute impossibility. There would be a perpetual Indian famine but for the aid of the States. Has the problem of governing them ever been steadily and sagaciously tried? "A Century of Dishonour," according to an American author, is the right word for the dealing of the States with the Indians. As to utterly putting them down by arms, the task is clearly not easy, and the amount of awful suffering to white settlers, the tortures, the outrages, the burnings, that the process would entail, cannot be calmly contemplated. If Cetewayo had been allowed to wash his spears in the Transvaal, the results could not have been more terrible. Then, in the war, the whites would readily learn lessons of vindictive ferocity. All nations are cruel when they fight cruel savages. These are gloomy reflections, which "Wanneta the Sioux" unavoidably suggests. The worthy heroine, with her Eastern training, is probably still alive. Perhaps her mild wisdom and feminine tact can suggest a peaceful way out of the imbroglio. If not, we fear that she may play a part in dancing white captives at the torture stake, for, in spite of her studies of American poetry, Wanneta is at heart a thorough Sioux. There are one or two examples of Indian narrative in the course of the novel, but they are not nearly so good as those in the books of Schoolcraft, Atherley Jones, Mrs. Erminie Smith, and other collectors.

LIFE AT CAMBRIDGE.

HARRY FLUDYER AT CAMBRIDGE. A Series of Family Letters. London: Chatto & Windus. 1890.

THERE have been several books which have purported to describe for us University life. There have been very few indeed which have regarded at the same time the sacred character of truth. To take a recent instance, anything more grotesquely false, as a sketch of Cambridge life, than "A Fellow of Trinity" never provoked by its pathos the mirth of an undergraduate, or by its vulgarity the anger of a reviewer. But its author might fairly plead her sex as an excuse for her misrepresentation; such a book could only adequately be written by one who had himself been an undergraduate. We are glad to turn from "Alan St. Aubyn" to the author, or authors, of "Harry Fludyer at Cambridge."

This clever little book has stood a severe test. The letters appeared in the *Granta*, and have been read by the undergraduates themselves, and have attained a sufficient degree of popularity to justify their reproduction in book form. The schoolboy who intends to become a man, in the University sense, next October, should certainly read this series of letters. They will give him an absolutely accurate and faithful picture of Cambridge life, of the men he will meet and the things he will be likely to do. He will not read of young men who assume their B.A.-hood to preach on Parker's Piece, nor of gambling-hells at Chesterton. Such things belong to the lurid pages of "Alan St. Aubyn" rather than to the ordinary experiences of an undergraduate. We have here average men and average life, depicted, not with the didactic dulness of the guide-book, nor with the partial ignorance of a feminine novelist, but with truth, good-tempered satire, and the most winning and delightful humour.

The greater part of the correspondence takes place between Harry Fludyer and his mother. Mrs. Fludyer is simply the perfect idea of a mother. In her fears, her mistakes, her little weaknesses, her shrewdness, her pride in her sons, and her devotion to the interests of her beautiful daughters, she is admirable and lovable. Harry's father, of the firm of Fludyer, Blofield & Co., is drawn with the same skill. Harry himself—a very good fellow—little Pilling and Dick Batchelor, represent three types which are always to be encountered among Cambridge undergraduates. Some of the gems of the book are to be found in the letters of Mary Ann Cox. She is the cook at Curzon Street, and writes to her mistress when Mrs. Fludyer is at Cambridge. Upon one occasion she tells us that Jemima "feels trubbled about the kitching cat, and would be glad to know what to do. He's the same cat as kep sitting on in the cole cellar for two weeks even on last Janniwary as wos a month ago . . . We called the cat Simmons as Jemima said it was a name as she was parshal to . . . Jemima ad spokin to a cousin of ers who wurks at the Cristle Pallis to get Simmons

entered as a torty tom, but to my great sprise he turned out quite different the morning you and the young ladies left, and five bewtifool kittins by his side in master's ole portmanty, wich Blathers and Tomas ad been turnin out the box room and cléanin a bit, so, of course, as pore Simmons 'as turned out a she, me and Jemima would like to know 'ow many is to be drowned, wich the butcher's young man says eel do with pleasure, 'avin drowned for ivery 'ouse in this street and roundabout."

We can cordially recommend this book. That part of it which deals with Cambridge seems to be written by a Cambridge undergraduate, or by one who is still in touch with Cambridge undergraduates. On the other hand, the details of the Curzon Street establishment are given with a more inward knowledge than is to be generally found in a young man of twenty, and the characters are depicted with a clearness and finish which betoken the practised writer. The prevailing tone of the book is most pleasant and genial. Much of it is funny, and all of it—with the exception, perhaps, of an illustration on the cover of the cheap edition—is accurate. We certainly hope that we shall have something more from the author or authors of "Harry Fludyer at Cambridge." It is the best sketch of Cambridge life which has appeared for a very long time.

THREE NOVELS.

1. Stand Fast, Craig-Royston! By William Black. Three vols. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington. 1890.
2. Rufin's Legacy. A Theosophical Romance. By W. Gerrare. London: Hutchinson & Co.
3. Romance by Proxy. A Story of the Soudan War. By Evans Comyn. London: Eden, Remington & Co. 1890.

Mr. Black's last novel is characteristic of the author; in other words, it resembles his previous work, of the high character of which there is no need to speak. His love of music and his scorn of the music-hall have already been revealed to us, and are illustrated once more in these pages. Once more, when a charming woman toys with a few strawberries, or artistically satisfies her pretty hunger, we dwell with a kind of delicate unction on the fact—the unction of a poet, but of a poet who can also dine. Once more Mr. Black has shown us how perfectly he understands, and how gracefully he can describe, the slow surrender of a young and noble girl to her first passion. And although we have not here the amusing badinage between married lovers that delighted everybody in his descriptions of a driving-tour or a holiday on a house-boat, Mr. Black's sense of humour has by no means forsaken him. He is happier in comedy than in tragedy—even in "Madcap Violet" and "Macleod of Dare" we felt the author was more artistic when he was merely sad than when he was really terrible. "Stand Fast, Craig-Royston!" is not a tragic novel; and if Mr. Black has in this case attempted anything at all beyond his powers, it is his attempt to win our sympathies for the heroine's grandfather, an old man who, partly from self-delusion, and partly from the noblest motives, is led to do the meanest and most despicable things. Another character in the book points out, with some justice, that the old man requires to be viewed through rose-coloured glasses. But although a reviewer, from constantly seeing how much brilliancy, and poetry, and imagination is still left in the world, becomes terribly addicted to charitableness, he will certainly think twice before he extends his sympathies to a man who could be rough with so gentle a girl as Maisrie, or so blind as not to see what distress he caused her by his paradoxical, high-handed disregard of conventional honesty. Possibly, if we had not been, as usual, entirely enraptured with Mr. Black's heroine, we could have felt more deeply the pathetic end of her grandfather and the third volume; but, as it is, we were really sorry to find that we had finished a novel which is on the whole admirable, and worthy of its author.

Maisrie, the heroine of the book, had, we believe, a sort of mean, baptismal claim to be called Margaret, but we prefer to think of her by the prettier name. Her grandfather's conduct gave ordinary and unromantic people some reason to consider him an adventurer, but they need not have considered Maisrie to be an adventuress. The son of a rich and theoretical communist (the communism is only theoretical, and distinctly amusing) fell in love with Maisrie, and the opposition which his relations made to the marriage forms a great part of the subject of the story. The plot is slight enough, but Mr. Black's novels do not live by plot alone; and even if we cannot accord our entire sympathies to old Bethune, we must own that his character, which is by no means an easy character to portray, is sketched with great skill and clearness. Mr. Black is at his best in describing perfect womanhood and imperfect manhood, and we have both in this book.

"Rufin's Legacy" is a theosophical romance. When we have said that, we feel that we have written a full and sufficient criticism of the novel. "*Quid plura dicam?*" we say with Cicero, and—once more following his illustrious example—we proceed at once to do the very thing that we deprecate as unnecessary. "Rufin's Legacy" is a very wild and fantastic story. It is not devoid of imaginative power, and its author shows at times the ability to produce the desired creepiness of the flesh. Hypnotism, a society for motiveless murders, a pretty trick of metempsychosis, all come into the story; and all of them at least serve to recall to our mind some better book than "Rufin's Legacy." And yet, though the story is frequently fantastic enough to be farcical, it is, on the whole, better written than the hypnotic ruck of fiction. But has the author no pity for the ordinary novel-reader of the circulating libraries, the poor, despicable soul that only asks to be amused and interested? What is the ordinary person to do with such dialogue as the following:—

> "'And in your spiritual life you contemplate spiritual existence?'
> "'Absolute existence!'
> "'What is that?'
> "'The antithesis of conditioned existence.'
> "'The infinite?'
> "'So you may understand it.'
> "'Then it is all in all; there is nothing beyond that?'
> "'Yes, there is absolute existence *plus* experience.'
> "'Will you please explain?'

Yes, we should imagine that the ordinary person of the circulating libraries will feel some sympathy with that last question. Will he explain, or will he resort to the dodge he has already used, and say that he means the antithesis of absolute existence *minus* experience? In justice to the author, we must say that he does nothing of the kind. In a few simple words he makes the whole thing quite plain. Here is the explanation:

> "'First, then, the causeless cause—absolute existence; next creation and conditioned existence, with the consequent experience; and following the gradual evolution of the universe, again absolute existence, with the gains of its hierarchy of conditioned existence.'"

This is not quite as hard as Bohn's translation of Kant, but it is a little harder than bezique, and we are not sure that the ordinary person will even now be satisfied. Why "hierarchy"? Why not Mesopotamia? It is a longer word, and would carry just about as much meaning with that context.

"Romance by Proxy" reminds us of a good novel by its title; but for the rest of the book we do not care so much. A knowledge of Egypt is a beautiful and valuable possession; in the hands of one novelist, at least, it has proved very useful; but it does not compensate for an almost total absence of all the qualities which go to make up literary competence. The author's style is extremely slipshod, and the following sentence is something worse than slipshod:

> "There is no one to dispute the title, which become extinct, failing James."

The printer may be to blame for that sentence, but the printer is not responsible for the story. It

is not the printer who describes one girl as asking another to conduct the romantic part of her engagement for her, or who bores us with the account of certain flirts at Cairo—some married and all vulgar, or who wearies us with descriptions dragged in to pad a poor book, or who strains at humour and fails. "Romance by Proxy" is a weak and wearisome novel.

MINOR POETRY.

1. Lyrics. Selected from the Works of A. Mary F. Robinson (Madame James Darmesteter). Cameo Series. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1891.
2. Poems. By V. (Mrs. Archer Clive). New Edition. London: Longmans, Green, and Co. 1890.
3. Poems. By Nina F. Layard. London: Longmans, Green, and Co. 1890.
4. Tintinnabula. New Poems. By Charles Newton-Robinson. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, and Co. 1890.

The lyrical poems of Madame Darmesteter, more generally known as Miss A. Mary F. Robinson, have been collected and issued in a volume of the Cameo Series. The Botticelli frontispiece, the hand-made paper, the tasteful binding seem especially appropriate to these lyrics. They are beautiful, and deserve to be beautifully presented. There are verses in them which tremble between the artificial and the artistic; there are here and there echoes of greater writers; there are passages in the collection which do not nearly reach to the level of the rest; but these poems are, with few exceptions, beautiful and truly lyrical. A few of them have not appeared before in book form, but we do not think that we need apologise for quoting the following from the older work, because it is especially characteristic:—

"It was Whit-Sunday yesterday,
The neighbours met at Church to pray;
But I remembered it was May,
And went a-wandering far away."

Resting from her wandering, she met with a Faun:

"We built ourselves a flowery house,
With roof and walls of tangled boughs,
But while we sat and made carouse
The church bells drowned our songs and vows.

"The light died out and left the sky,
We sighed and rose and said good-bye.
We had forgotten—he and I—
That he was dead, that I must die."

The simplicity, the quaint beauty, and the graceful pathos of this pastoral are really admirable. Other poems are marked by a pure and charming homeliness, untouched by the sentimentality that mars bourgeois domesticity or by the commercial spirit which makes it. "Celia's Home-Coming" is a very fair instance of what we mean; there is an echo of Herrick in it. Sometimes a deeper note is struck, although the verse still sings sweetly enough. On the whole, this volume should certainly be included among one's possessions.

The poems of Mrs. Archer Clive have already won the admiration of very distinguished critics. The present volume, published seventeen years after her death, contains a few poems which have not previously been printed, as well as those which have already appeared. We cannot entirely agree with the confident opinion expressed by the Quarterly Reviewer, who declared in 1840 that certain stanzas were "worthy of any of our greatest poets in his happiest moments." Fortunately, it is possible to praise without talking quite like that. To simple and naturally religious minds these poems will especially appeal, and will seem especially beautiful; the intense gloominess which marks so many of them will not seem strained or unnatural to those who try to realise from the biographical sketch at the commencement of the volume the circumstances under which they may have been written. But those fastidious people who are still seeking for perfect originality in thought, joined to adequate expression and finished technique, will hardly obtain full satisfaction here. However much they may admire the author's sincerity, earnestness and directness, they will find it hard to extend an equal admiration to such couplets as:—

"I smother the superfluous sigh,
And say—I'll go there when I die."

The earlier work is far more faulty than the later poems. The judgment which is passed on the writer will be conditioned very much by the temperament of the reader; we can quite understand that some may think that the Quarterly Reviewer, whom we have quoted, did not speak too strongly; but, personally, we do not agree with his estimate. We can find much in the volume which is admirable, but nothing which seems to us to be worthy, or nearly worthy, of our greatest poets in their happiest moments.

There is considerable merit in a little volume of Poems by Nina F. Layard. A few of these have already appeared in *Longman's* or *Harper's*. The least successful are the most ambitious; the blank verse is not, as a rule, forceful or significant. But as one turns over the pages of the book, one is struck every now and then by descriptive pieces of unusual power. The following lines are very vivid:—

"And all the dank hair of the hurrying rain,
Flung backward by the wind, did stream and fly
Across the anxious forehead of the sky,
And, rattling, lashed my shaken window-pane
With sudden spotted sounds, that yet again
Sink to a lighter fingering, or die
Into a tinkling treble by-and-by,
Soft as the falling of wind-scattered grain."

There are fine feeling and noble passion displayed in "A Song of Tears," which is prefaced by the following:—

"'We bait our hook with a dead child,' said an agent of an insurance company."

But without question the most impressive and the most distinctive piece in the book is the "March Home," which appeared in *Longman's Magazine* for March, 1889. We have only space to quote the first verse:—

"The weather is rude and rough, with its shade and stare,
And great wild clouds do saucily flirt their wings
I' the face of the yellow sun, then leave it bare;
And the boughs are broke on the trees, and no bird sings;
And the cattle are blown on the hills, and grass is rare.
There's a wind in the empty house, where the ivy clings,
And the gnawing mice in the wainscot begin to pair,
And the dust is swept into rings,
And the opening daylight brings
No joy anywhere."

Although we may trace even here the influence of other poets, and too often the best pieces seem coloured to some extent by recollections of Browning or Rossetti, the volume does contain a distinct promise of originality, and much which it is very pleasant to read.

It is not possible to say very much for "Tintinnabula," new poems by Mr. Charles Newton-Robinson. A clever sixth-form boy with a good history, and a sufficient knowledge of Macaulay, might have turned out the "Ballad of the Battle of Crécy" without very much trouble, we should think. "Cecily," the poem which follows it, is very much better, although it is spoiled by some weak couplets. The poet is speaking of a girl—not yet a woman. The following lines are pretty:—

"Like a perfect image, wrought
Only in the sculptor's thought;
Like a new song, under breath,
A poet-lover sings;
Like a late-born butterfly
Sunning her moist wings;
Like a young moon lit anew;
Like a glad dream, coming true."

They are, perhaps, the best lines in the book. The author does not show a settled and distinct individuality; and it is worth while to remind him that one does not redeem verse from the commonplace by turning its title into Latin. Mr. Newton-Robinson is not afraid to translate Gautier and Victor Hugo.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

THE Advent addresses delivered by Dr. Bright in Oxford Cathedral have been published in an expanded form under the title of "Lessons from the Lives of Three Great Fathers." It was not Dr. Bright's purpose, in the first instance, to furnish anything like complete biographies of Athanasius, Chrysostom, and Augustine, but rather to point out the more salient traits in the life and work of each of these religious leaders. Now that the addresses have been cast into literary shape, no attempt has been made to impart to these monographs a more ambitious character. Students of ecclesiastical history will, however, find many obscure problems discussed with learning and at length in appendices, which occupy nearly half the pages of the book. Athanasius stands high amongst the great men of history, and Dr. Bright lays stress on his majestic personality as well as on the work which he achieved as a defender of the faith. The spiritual beauty of the life of Chrysostom, his unrivalled gifts as a preacher, and the practical ends to which he turned them, as well as the fortitude with which he endured persecution and exile, are points in the story of a pure and unworldly life which are turned to conspicuous advantage in not the least suggestive of these character studies. As for Augustine, Dr. Bright thinks that no Christian teacher since the days of the Apostles has exercised so great an ascendency over religious thought; but, at the same time, it is not claimed in the able analysis of his theological position with which the book closes that this far-reaching influence was entirely for good. There were drawbacks to the work of Augustine, for if he "successfully maintained the truths which Pelagianism had put in peril, he yet impaired the helpfulness of his teaching by exaggeration, which had lamentable results." After all, the "Confessions" of Augustine have sunk far deeper into the heart and conscience of the world than all his elaborate disquisitions in the realm of theology.

That useful little book, "Dod's Parliamentary Companion," has put in an appearance rather earlier than usual. It happens, however, that such promptitude is somewhat unfortunate; and it is odd—in the light of recent events—to read the comfortable assurance of the preface that there has been of late "no serious disturbance or crisis in Parliamentary history." Ireland apart, "Dod" worthily maintains, if he does not advance, his old reputation for clear and concise statement and accuracy in matters of fact.

We never heard before of Mrs. "Mary Elizabeth Blake, of Boston, U.S.," and we took up her "Summer Holiday in Europe" with the expectation of being bored by the conventional handling of a hackneyed theme. The fact is, it has been our lot so often to meet shallow and vainglorious tourists in books of this sort, that we were afraid of a repetition, once again, of that dismal experience. Mrs. Blake has written a book of two hundred pages, and the quality of them is so excellent that we actually found ourselves sorry at the brevity of this vivid and imaginative record of personal experiences and impressions. In itself there was nothing remarkable about this summer holiday, for Mrs. Blake scarcely wandered at all off the beaten track followed by ninety-nine out of every hundred American visitors to Europe. She lingered for a few days at Glengariff and Killarney, and then went on to Dublin, and afterwards visited France and Switzerland, reserving London to the last. Couriers and cooks, hotel-gossip, and petty details of personal adventure are conspicuous by their absence in these pages, but we have instead the gift of insight, shrewd and sparkling comments on places and people, and an imaginative way of looking at that which is always commonplace to the commonplace. Mrs. Blake calls Ruskin the "prophet of the mountains," and urges the tourist to take him for a travelling companion rather than Murray or Bædeker; he inspires, but they are at best but sign-boards. Against Bædeker she tells us she cherishes a grudge, and chiefly because he is so peremptory and omnipresent. "For heaven's sake," she exclaims, "is there nothing to be left to chance or inspiration?" Bædeker buttonholes you everywhere, and if you once fall into the snare, there is no getting away from this red-coated, sententious oracle, who maps out your route "like the list of a washerwoman with every article counted and checked." The authoress of this book terms herself a modest, sentimental traveller, and hints that her reminiscences will not prove acceptable, since they are out of the mode, and too deeply charged with enthusiasm. We venture to think, however, that she is mistaken, and we commend the record to people who appreciate descriptions of cities and scenery, men and manners, which show that the writer is sensitively alive to the beauty of nature and the poetry of human life.

In a neat little book of less than two hundred pages Mr. George Harris has compiled what he terms a "Practical Guide to Algiers." The author lives in Algiers, and knows the country well, and he has packed into these well-arranged pages brief and clear answers to the hundred and one questions concerning climate, people, sport, hotels, money, amusements, excursions, and the like, which prospective tourists are sure to raise. Mr. Harris, of course, does not for a moment pretend to set up as a rival to Sir Lambert Playfair, whose admirable work, Murray's "Handbook," is far and away the best and most comprehensive manual of reference. What Mr. Harris attempts is to give a brief and accurate description of the capital and its environs, and next to supply information concerning the best methods of travelling through an interesting and still little known country. At present many English and American visitors to Algiers seem half afraid to venture into the interior, and this reluctance largely arises from lack of information as to the best ways of travelling. There are one or two good coloured maps in the volume, a few illustrations, and a good many practical hints on Algerian manners and customs.

When Oliver Wendell Holmes read the brief sketch of "Dr. John Brown and his Sister Isabella," which has now reached a fourth edition, he termed the touching but fragmentary memoir "simple, natural, truthful," and we know no better words in which to sum up our own impressions. This graceful and pathetic tribute to the memory of the author of "Rab and his Friends" is written by one who had known Dr. Brown and his sister from youth, and in a few artless strokes of the pen the characteristics of two bright, strong, and imaginative natures are disclosed. It is, indeed, an attractive and honourable phase of Scottish life and character which is suggested, rather than revealed, in this unpretending volume. Rab was by no means Dr. Brown's only canine friend, as the following incident shows:—"Once, when driving, he suddenly stopped in the middle of a sentence and looked out eagerly at the back of the carriage. 'Is it someone you know,' I asked. 'No,' he said, 'it's a dog I *don't* know.'"

Mrs. Fisher, better known perhaps as Arabella B. Buckley has written a sequel to her former volume, "The Fairy Land of Science"—a book which is now in its twenty-third thousand—entitled, "Through Magic Glasses." The method adopted by Mrs. Fisher, in her charming descriptions of the facts and phenomena of nature, is at once simple and scientific, whilst a genuine enthusiasm for the subjects discussed is apparent on every page. The "magic glasses" are, of course, the telescope, microscope, spectroscope, and the photographic camera; and in ten chapters or lectures, as Mrs. Fisher prefers to style them, a wide field of knowledge is pleasantly traversed. The interest of the book is brightened by a number of good illustrations, and it deserves to find its way into the hands of intelligent boys and girls.

Professor Billroth, of Vienna, has a European reputation as a skilful surgeon, and is known, moreover, to have paid great attention to the most approved methods of nursing. His manual on "The Care of the Sick at Home and in the Hospital" is already recognised as a standard book, and on this account Mr. Endean's translation is distinctly welcome. The book is written with great clearness and in a thoroughly practical spirit, and everywhere Dr. Billroth's wide experience and knowledge is apparent. He does not merely state the principles and methods of the best forms of sick-nursing, but also explains the causes, nature, and symptoms of various diseases, in language which even a half-educated person can understand. There are a number of illustrations in the volume intended to show how best to apply different kinds of bandages; there is also a good portrait of the author, and the book is provided with an excellent index.

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* LESSONS FROM THE LIVES OF THREE GREAT FATHERS. By William Bright, D.D. Longmans, Green & Co., London and New York. Crown 8vo. (6s.)

DOD'S PARLIAMENTARY COMPANION, 1890—1891. George Bell & Sons, York Street, Covent Garden, London. 18mo.

A SUMMER HOLIDAY IN EUROPE. By Mary Elizabeth Blake, of Boston, U.S. Eason & Son, Limited, Dublin. Samuel Bagster & Sons, London. Crown 8vo.

THE PRACTICAL GUIDE TO ALGIERS. By George W. Harris. Illustrated. George Philip & Son, 32, Fleet Street, London. 12mo. (3s. 6d.)

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